

PEACE THROUGH BUSINESS

by
B. H. H. H.

PEACE IS OUR BUSINESS

By

Harry K. Zeller, Jr.



House of the Church of the Brethren
Elgin, Illinois

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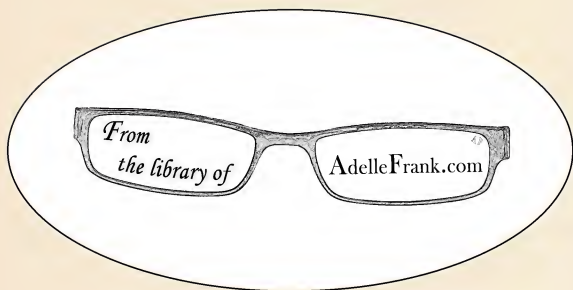
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Acknowledgment

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TO THE MEMBERS
of the
HIGHLAND AVENUE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN
ELGIN, ILLINOIS
who
IN TIMES OF UNUSUAL INTERNATIONAL STRESS
UNDERGIRDED THEIR MINISTER
with
THE COUNSEL OF COURAGE
THE FREEDOM OF TRUTH
AND THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LOVE



Foreword

The church of today should face the moral problem posed for Christians by the policy of obliteration bombing. There can be no pretense that obliteration bombing meets the conditions which traditional Christianity has held essential for the conduct of any war that may possibly be called a just war. Obliteration bombing recognizes no distinction of combatant and noncombatant or of right and wrong, but only military necessity, actual or alleged. And the atomic bomb, on the testimony of those best qualified to speak, threatens the end of civilization as we know it, if not the end of man on earth. Hence the ground would seem removed on which many nonpacifist Christians supported the last war. It can no longer be argued that war, though itself incapable of accomplishing anything redemptive, may at least leave the way open for the forces of reason and right, and thus preserve the opportunity of a humane and civilized culture. Another war at the atomic level would leave the world prostrate. In the words of E. L. Woodward, professor of international relations at Oxford University: "Human beings would revert, helpless, without counsel and without the physical means of recovery, to something like the culture of the Late Bronze Age."

Is it, then, the case that the church should now repudiate all support of war? It is safe to assume, I hope, that no Christian would concede the right of a nation to take the initiative in using atomic weapons for its own advantage or protection. Some hold, however, that "the

way should be left open to regard the use of atomic weapons under some circumstances as right," believing that "in the present state of human relations, if plans for international control of aggression should fail, the only effective restraint upon would-be aggressors might be fear of reprisals, and . . . this possible restraint should not be removed in advance." Well, one answer to that is that the fear of retaliation would not prevent warfare. Such at least is the opinion of some atomic scientists, who say: "A world in which atomic weapons will be owned by sovereign nations, and security against aggression will rest on the fear of retaliation, will be a world of fear, suspicion, and almost inevitable final catastrophe." Another answer is that there are some things which no nation ought ever to do. There must be limitations to reprisals "below which, at whatever cost, honor will forbid us to follow," in the words of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

The issue, as I see it, boils down to this: Shall we put our trust in military force and so prepare for war, knowing, as in the light of history we must know, that those who prepare for war are most likely to get what they have prepared for; or shall we put our trust in the doing of justice and the cultivation of friendly relations among nations—and stop preparing for war? The church, I believe, should recognize that war is suicide from now on, and should not itself be a party to the coming of Armageddon. It should put its trust in the power of God and the wisdom of God revealed in Christ, not in the power of the atomic bomb or in a human wisdom that inclines to think, against all the protests of the heart, that *perhaps* the merciless incineration of millions upon millions of men, women and children may be regarded under

some circumstances as right. Whether this decision would insure the prevention of catastrophe of course no one knows; but in any event the church should refuse consent to preparation for atomic war, that is, for the destruction of the present world civilization, if not of mankind itself.

The church should do all it can under God to deliver Europe from starvation and chaos, to relieve human distress in Asia, and to promote the development of the political agencies and the economic relations and conditions essential for world recovery and survival. And beyond all these things the church must with renewed zeal carry on its distinctive work—the ministry of reconciliation. The supreme directive for the church is given in the words: “If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new. And all this is from God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ, and gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation.” The church is called to bring men to God that, being reconciled to him, they may be reconciled to one another.

These convictions are presented forcefully in this book of sermons, which will be read, I hope, by many both within and outside the church to which its author belongs.

Ernest Fremont Tittle

Preface

These sermons were delivered at the Highland Avenue Church of the Brethren under the stress of the war and in the strain which followed the conflict. In those hours such words as these could not always fall on ears willing to receive the truth which they might contain. Yet the fact that these messages had been uttered at all moved gracious friends to encourage me to make them available in printed form.

The misgivings were many. The messages, though they sought to present truths which are eternal, were hammered out of the contemporary scene. In a world of flux the frame of reference in which they were wrought may change so radically as to give the messages an unreal cast by the time they reach the first readers. Also, these sermons were written to become the slaves of the voice, and an ear is not readily transposed into an eye! Not the least hesitation came in the knowledge that the subject matter is peculiarly liable to misinterpretation. Nevertheless, the task was undertaken in the hope that others might be inspired to accomplish in a fuller way in these fateful days that which was attempted when these messages were first delivered.

I have endeavored to give credit to whom credit is due in the footnotes, but the springs of truth and inspiration are so concealed in the past and merged with the present that I know not from whence they came. "I am under obligation both to Greeks and to barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish." To many teachers and com-

rades—from her who first taught me to her who daily inspires me—I can but express an indebtedness as broad as life itself.

I wish to recognize the assistance of many friends without whose valuable help these sermons could not possibly have been committed to the printed page. E. G. Hoff read the manuscript and suggested certain editorial changes, which were made. Ora W. Garber did the literary editing of the manuscript, making many necessary emendations. Elizabeth Weigle aided in tracing quoted materials back to the original sources. Ida May Byer, my secretary, carried many of the details incident to publication. M. R. Zigler gave me inspiration and impetus for this task in the same invigorating manner with which he has urged the Christian forces of our world to take up Christ's commission of service to human need. I owe an unpayable debt of gratitude to Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, who carefully read the entire manuscript, giving me his counsel unstintingly in sharing the insights of the recognized master of the craft and who graciously consented to write the foreword to this volume. This statement of indebtedness would not be complete without some word of gratitude for the helpfulness of the management and personnel of the Brethren Publishing House, whose administration of this task was far in excess of anything which I could request.

Harry K. Zeller, Jr.

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Peace Is Our Business

Every day it becomes more evident that none of the real problems confronting humanity have been solved by the war. The ancient adage rears its head untimely: "War never settles anything." In fact, thinking people see that the war has made a good many of our problems more complicated.

I shall leave it to you to decide if the fear which thrust us into the conflict was greater than that which we now possess; if the problems of race, insecurity, and nationalism were more perplexing before we took up arms than they are now. This much can be said without fear of contradiction—there is enough suspicion, uncertainty, fear, and evil in our world now that there is no man or woman alive whose business is not peace *now*. The scientist tinkering with the atom, the mother bending over her new baby, the diplomat caught in the exasperations of international politics, the prophet culturing his vision of the coming kingdom, the young people who stand ready at the gates ajar to life, all have one thing in common: Peace is their business.

I

Let us consider that peace is our business first as the absence of war among the nations. We thought we had done with war—this last time—but now we live under the prospect of a more horrible war than it is possible for the imagination to grasp. We are even saying that the terrors of atomic war are now outmoded and pale beside the horrors of the bacteriological and biological war which is

predicted for the future. An article in *Collier's* taunts me, declaring that my flesh should creep. Dr. Urey, atomic scientist, admits that he is a frightened man. Fear—once the characteristic of the unlettered and ignorant—is now possessed in direct proportion to the extent of knowledge. Never were the words of the ancient sage more true than now: "The more you know the more you suffer."

On every front people are united in the conviction that war must be eliminated or we are doomed to destruction. I have no doubt that we shall rally to the cause of a warless world. When I say "we" I mean the young people of our church and the young people of every church. It is not too much to say that many young people will give the brunt of their energies in the next five to ten years to the cause of the warless world. In what ways they will do this I do not know. Some students are supposed to have gone all-out for Federal World Government. Others will plug away at various and necessary social causes—in co-operatives and organized labor, in child welfare and community planning. Still others will find the challenge in their religious convictions about personality and murder. And some will be driven to strive for a warless world by a common-sense survey of history. I have no doubt that this generation of young people will rally to the cause of a warless world *in the years between the war which has been and the one which may come.*

But do not run out to this task too thoughtlessly. Be not lured on as other young people have been

... with the rays
of the morn on their white shields of expectation.
Do not throw yourselves too glibly into this struggle.

War is an awful business. No great social evil has ever been exorcized easily. War—the worst of them all, man's greatest collective sin—will be difficult to eliminate. The Oxford Conference definition of war is sobering. *“War involves compulsory enmity, diabolical outrage against human personality, and a wanton distortion of the truth. War is a particular demonstration of the power of sin in this world, and a defiance of the righteousness of God as revealed in Christ and Him crucified. No justification of war must be allowed to conceal or minimize this fact.”** We will not get rid of an evil as hideous and basic as Adam's sin with any ease or speed.

J. Middleton Murray has observed that our generation faces the problem of eliminating both war and unemployment in the same breath. Either alone is a gigantic task. Taken together they defy achievement. They must be tied to each other. We must cut off any chance of solving mass unemployment by the shot-in-the-arm stimulus and excitement of war. War is a short cut, a short cut to economic and social problems to which there is no short cut. And now that the fighting is over on the battlefields the cudgels have been taken up in the offices of the foreign ministers. Not only in the seats of authority but also in the greeds of common men are the fires of the old forces flaring up again. A New York taxi driver interrupted the conversation of his passengers who were discussing a Christian code for racial parity, to say, “We fought to keep America the same grand country she was before the war—Jim Crowism, and all.”

The thing which concerns me is that we stick by this

* From the Oxford Conference (Official Report), by J. H. Oldham. Page 162. By permission of Willett, Clark and Co.

task until peace is achieved. Twenty thousand Dunkards for Peace will not be enough this time—even if all of them stick! In the formative period of my life a half-dozen leaders influenced me to love peace and hate war. But as the war they taught me to hate came closer they skipped away until only one who had so firmly influenced my thought and life had not abandoned the good ship Peace. It was a hard blow. As the years moved on I talked with each of these men. They told me a weird tale of necessity, of position, of money, of circumstance. They had reneged on their refusal to participate in war. I want all young people who embrace pacifism as a way of life in these hours to understand what they are up against. Do not make a commitment now that you will not stay by when the going gets tough, but in God's name, if it is in your power to make that commitment, make it now.

II

You will not long be able to give much creative energy for a warless world unless you are successful on another front. Many people are at war with themselves. They are tied up in all sorts of personality knots. As one modern novelist has put it, "Man is not so much a human being as a civil war." He has seen inside the characters which move across the pages of his book and he found them all compounded of mixed motives, conflicting ambitions, paradoxical ideals, complex emotions. Men and women they were in whom the urges to both truth and falsehood were strong, in whom evil and good were intermingled deeply in every conduct pattern, who were warring each in his own soul between what he *was* and what he *wanted to be*.

Many personalities fit Stephen Leacock's description of

the famous general who "flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions." Often people are not one, but many. One temple of clay houses the dual personality of William Heirens singing in his church choir and also the diabolical George Murmans who strangled and dissected six-year-old Suzanne Degnan. One temple of clay to house David, sweet singer of Israel, man after God's own heart, and David the profligate thief of another man's wife. One temple of clay to house Paul, the ambassador in bonds who said, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith," and Paul, the brooder over his sin, who cried out, "The good that I would I do not, the evil which I would not is present with me. . . . O wretched man that I am." One temple of clay to house the high school lad whose parents dramatize the work he does in church and camp and the same lad who comes before the juvenile detention officer for breaking into the corner drugstore or stealing a car. Having caught a taste of that which is more splendid than life itself they are lured on toward its achievement but seem unable to attain it and are dragged down into the gutters of wrong and sin. Unconsciously they cry out this desperate longing under the cloak of modern jazz, "Why can't I be what I ain't?" or in the more classic utterance,

O that the man I am might arise in me

That the man I am might cease to be.

Until this conflict is properly solved personality can have little usefulness and no peace.

If one is to be a purposeful individual going places and doing things rather than a shock of wheat held together by the thin cords of circumstance which may easily break and let him tumble into uselessness, he will have to un-

derstand that the business of being a person is exacting business. Personality cannot be achieved by chance activity. One does not blunder into integrity or stumble upon character. The development of true personality is a continual job, a growth process in which every idea, ideal, thought, book, friend—good or bad—helps shape the life pattern.

There must also be the awareness that personality, the limitations of experience and the hard luck of circumstance must be surmounted if we are to be effective workers for peace. In the rough and tumble of daily life all cannot and will not be peaches and cream. Though many fall in love and live happily ever after, some have their hearts crushed and dwell forever in loneliness. Though many are successful in work or play, some are misfits who cannot gear with any scheme in which life presses them. Though many have radiant physical vigor, some are mangled by polio or have arms shot off at the stumps. We become what we are more in the ways we rise up from difficulty than in the difficulties in which we find ourselves. If, as Mark Twain puts it, our backbones are made of boiled macaroni there is not much chance that we will come out of difficulty better men for the struggle. We will be pulpier! If we are unwilling to look at our failures there is no chance that we will write home as did one lad after a football game had been lost, "The other team found a big hole in our line, dad, and that hole was me." And what is more important, there is little possibility that we will learn to plug that hole. If we lack the courage to make a real stand where it ought to be made, if we refuse to face our weaknesses when they glare out at us, the limitations and disappointments of

life will soon get us down. But if we recognize them, confronting them with fortitude and courage, difficulty will make us stronger.

More than this, we must recognize that we do not have the power within ourselves to conquer all the difficulties which life forces upon us. No person is more unfitted to meet life than the one who assumes he has all the answers, who feels that he can do everything he tries to do, that life's secret of power is compressed within himself. Personality is not so much built as it is grown. Growth is the breathing in of an atmosphere around us which nourishes the inner life as the leaves of a tree are nurtured by every ray of sunlight and absorption of moisture and thus grow so imperceptibly as not to be discerned by the naked eye.

Man is at war with himself. He must make peace with himself, for peace is our business.

Peace does not mean the end of striving.

Joy does not mean the drying of our tears.

Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving

Up to the light where God Himself appears.*

III

Man struggles supremely to rise above evil in a godless society and live by the good, the true and the beautiful. We must have that faith in God and commitment to His will which assures spiritual peace in our hearts or it is futile to work for peace in our world. Here is where all struggles come home to roost. What stomach can a man have to battle against the scourge of war and its satellite social ills, or what courage to take up the battle within himself if he has no ultimate faith in God? Some

* From *The Suffering God*, by G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

critic has pointed out that our modern novels commonly picture men and women as preys of fate. They depict human beings trapped by life, fighting a hopeless battle against the conspiracy of circumstance, only to be finally crushed and mangled beneath it. If a man believes as one university student put it, "Tricked, by Gad, I was tricked by life and made a fool of"; if he considers the whole sorry scheme of life as foolishness,

A tale told of an idiot
Full of sound and fury signifying nothing,

what is the use to solve the rest of the problems?

If after all that we have lived and thought
All comes to Naught,
If there be nothing after now
And we be nothing anyhow,
And we know it—why live?

If we are possessors of such a pessimism about life as this what use is there to continue the other struggles? To me that fact has spelled the fallacy of a pacifist movement without Christianity at the heart of it. Or, psychiatry without commitment to Christ as its foundation. Liberty in itself is no guarantee of a higher life. A few may say with Francois Villon, "We are good for nothing but to die, so let us die for liberty." But, lacking an ultimate faith in God, not many will say that. Liberty is no ultimate as the use of the word itself reveals. It may yield such creative freedom to a man as to "liberate" him or it may give him such a dose of license that he becomes a libertine! An integrated personality is no guarantee of an abundant life. Many people have eliminated the inner conflicts raging within personality so effectively that life has the thrusting power of a bayonet—and with as evil in-

tent! So to channel all the forces of personality into a working unit that makes Sammy run is not enough if Sammy runs to an Aaron Burr, a Napoleon, or an Al Capone. Integration is not enough. Personality must come to focus on the highest level or it is worse than no focus at all.

In the end the real problem confronting us is "What are we going to do with God?" Will we throw our lives in with Him, solving our conflicts on the highest level? Will we commit ourselves to Jesus Christ, the Ultimate, and bring peace on this front as well as achieve peace on the other fronts? I bid you young people to give your lives to those things which shall outlive the stars. Throw your lives in with Christ. Plunge in headfirst. In that act of commitment you will find the power which is not elsewhere available to man. Then, like the great artists whom Ruskin describes, you will have creative powers which are not *in* but come *through* you. Having won the struggle on this front, the other great conflicts can then be met and mastered.

I believe that God is counting magnificently upon you. I believe that this generation is a part of that optimistic note which has characterized the true Christian experience in every age. Recall that tableau from the Green Pastures? Gabriel has one foot planted solidly on heaven's golden street; the other is poised on a far billowy cloud. He raises the silver trumpet to his lips. "Lawd, is de time come for me to blow?" God looks down. It is an awful scene which meets his eyes. He sees man in ruin. Mankind should long since have been brought to judgment. But God, the supreme Lover, cannot bring himself to call a halt yet. He says, "Not yet, Gabriel." I see a million flickering lights of hope for the future. I

see another generation of young people—strong, brave, upward-looking. We must give them an opportunity to make peace their business—to cease warring with Me, to end the debilitating struggle each in his own soul, to stop the horrors of death in the maelstrom of war. “Not yet, Gabriel.” Not yet.

PART I

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

To be alive in such an age.
To live to it! To give to it!
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy life with humankind;
Breathe the world thought, do the world deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need,
And what thy woe, and what thy weal!
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!*

—*Angela Morgan*

* Used by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

This Revolutionary Age

*I have spoken all this to you in order that in me you may have peace. In the world you have affliction. But keep up your courage: I have won the victory over the world (John 16:33).**

"It is an easier task to convert from peace to war than from war to peace," states the Baruch Report on War and Post-War Adjustment Policies. With the coming of war the government assumes a totalitarian aspect. It tells businessmen what they can do and what they cannot do. The common life is channeled to one over-all purpose. The imposition of duty comes from without. This assertion of authority is accepted because of the imperiling necessity of the crisis.

Not so in the reconversion from war to peace. The external controls and patriotic pressures are lessened. Business becomes freer to do as it wishes. The daily life is unshackled from many restraints. Responsibility is still there. The duty to meet life's bitter problems is as great as ever. But the imposition of that duty must come from within rather than from without. Our peril in time of peace is that we will not impose upon ourselves from within those duties which in times of war were imposed upon us from without.

No one doubts that these are critical and crucial years. Each day is "pregnant with vast consequences, loaded with fate." Someone asked the Harvard philosopher, White-

* From the New Testament in Modern Speech, by Richard Francis Weymouth. The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

head, how long it had been since the world had seen such radical changes as are now taking place. He said, "If you mean in the history of Europe, the answer is 'The Thirty Years' War.' If you mean in the life of mankind as a whole, the answer is 'Never.'" We have all looked forward to this hour. We did not dream it could be such a world-shaking hour. Now we are lost as it speeds along. We are like H. G. Wells, during the first World War, who prophesied its coming, only to find that the day came so swiftly he had to confess that he was running as hard as he could beside the marching facts, pointing at them. We fear that history will speed on beyond us, the forces shaping our destiny will whirl out of control and the day in which we live become not the hoped-for day of peace, but the day of disaster for civilization.

I

Let us look at the temper of this critical, crucial day in which we live. Its most obvious characteristic is fear. We are living in that period of history in which "the fears of an entire nation are fostered with the skill and detachment that other men employ when dealing with rats!" The nazi use of psychological warfare—the propaganda techniques for which the name of Dr. Goebbels will live in infamy—plagued multitudes in many nations. But what about "Operations Cross-Roads"—that jittery little experiment down in the Marshalls with a couple of atomic bombs? I am not one of those who oppose the experiment for the experiment's sake. If we are going to have atomic energy we had just as well find out what the stuff will do—even if it costs a half-billion dollars—but we do not need to set it off under somebody else's nose. Or, what about "Operation Musk-ox"? Or "Oper-

ation Frostbite"? Shades of Dr. Goebbels, dead and gone! But fear more widespread than he could engender has engulfed the world.

The war is over. We won. But we are more filled with fear now than when the fight was on. I want to be cautious at this point. I doubt that there ever was a time when so much fear existed in the world. I do not like to say that—it sounds like a too-easy generalization. When the lightning jabbed a tree or a cow the primitive man shrank in fear. It was the fear of ignorance. Not so now. A little baby might play with an atomic bomb as readily and as casually as with an apple. That is the ignorance which knows no fear, but the scientist moves with measured step and bated breath in a similar situation. Those who know most fear most. And, unfortunately, it is a short journey from fear to hate.

This fear obsession has led to a second attitude prevalent today, impatience. Others describe it as excitability, irritation, frenzy, the fidgets, desperation. Let us use the tamest word, *impatience*. We know that things are not good. We know that power capable of destruction is piled up, ready for use in case of emergency. We are afraid that some little insignificant spark will blaze down the firecracker chain of atomic energy; that some nutty little tyrant will get drunk one night, forgetting how much power he is toying with and ring down the curtain on civilization. Knowing these things we are impatient that some safety-first plan be devised at once. We hear that Russia is buying uranium and nothing else is news. "Where are our statesmen?" we cry. "Why aren't they doing something about it?" we yell. "If the U.N. is going to amount to anything why doesn't it crack down?"

We storm. We rant. We rave. Every little thing makes us flare up with a galvanic frenzy. We jump out of our boots at the tiniest squeak. At any change of policy the cold sweat of fear comes out on us. We are impatient with everything that does not bring an immediate guarantee of security. We want to get on quickly with the business of making the world safe for democracy. And if not for democracy—well, don't be a perfectionist!—make it safe for survival. Do right away whatever is to be done.

Understanding this mood of near desperation, Conductor Koussevitzky suggested that when the peacemakers assemble they should listen for a while before each of their sessions to a symphony orchestra playing great music by Bach or Haydn or Mozart. Apart from the very important consideration that music is the universal language, such a procedure would provide also for that more considered frame of mind so necessary to a judicial settlement of the intricate and bitter problems facing the world. Such was the prayer of the ancient Greek poet:

From the murmur and the subtlety of the suspicion with
which we vex one another

Give us rest;

Make a new beginning,

And mingle again the kindred of the nations in the al-
chemy of love,

And with some finer essence of forbearance

Temper our minds.

Alternating with our extreme fear and impatience there is a certain kind of hope. It is certainly not the uncritical optimism which possessed us between the wars. That is gone. But war has a way of whipping up a lather for the better things which it is alleged will come out of its agony and destruction. A pretty good job of that kind of propa-

ganda was done again this time. We were bitten by the bug that this war would do many wonderful things for the world. There were to be at least four freedoms for all peoples. We did not go into this war for any territorial or other gain for our own selves. We fought that every people could be free—free by their own choice or free whether they wanted to choose so or not! We believed in that program. We began to dig in to see it come to pass. The cost was high—unbelievably high. We kept saying to ourselves, “We are not going through all this for nothing; some good will come out of it.” We clung to the feeling that a better, nobler world was bound to come, because we were in there fighting for it. That is about as deep as the common hope ran. And the further we move from the shot-in-the-arm stimulus and excitement of war the less firm seem the foundations on which we have builded our hope.

In summary: Our present day possesses a revolutionary character. We are afraid. We have great power. But not enough to shield us from fear. Thus we are impatient to the point of desperation; impatient with everybody and everything which does not choke our fears. On these shaky foundations we cling to the hope that a better world will emerge, impossible though it seems. The march of events, the advance of scientific achievement, the enormity of industrial capacity, the illimitable power of destructive weapons, the annihilation of distance have hurled us far beyond the old idea of Newell Dwight Hillis that laws are becoming more just, rulers more humane, music sweeter, books wiser, homes happier and the individual heart softer; that if we will just be patient now a little longer, gradually and smoothly and without ap-

parently any great effort the brave new world will come. *Blitz* is not only a word for military tactics. It is a word to describe vividly the historical sequence of this day. We have been plummeted beyond the idea of a gradual and easy evolution to a better world. Our age has the ignitive temper and explosive power of revolution.

II

Admittedly there is a vast ground for pessimism in all this. This is true primarily because the long-range problems have not been solved by war. In fact, the real things eating at the world's "innards" hid behind the screen of war, gathered up their powers as the holocaust swept on, heightened their latent discontent, became more brutal than before. The war hid from us the real nature of the crisis we were facing.

The prophets—Spengler, Berdyaev, Sorokin, Schweitzer—had been so predicting for some decades. We dubbed them the gloomy prophets—and paid them little heed. At the very hour in which the world was ridding itself of the kaiser, Spengler predicted the rise of Caesarism. Because men had not heard of that insignificant little Austrian corporal of the name of Hitler, they laughed. The nazi did not perpetrate the crisis which civilization still faces. National Socialism was merely an incident in the sweep of it. The war was merely an effect. In every land, as the war came on, this hidden struggle for a better world was taking place. In Germany one of two things had to be chosen. A more equitable society must be organized or the devil must be bargained with. So Fritz Thyssen and others financed Hitler to power. Rather play ball with the devil than alter position and privilege! There were alternatives for England and for the United

States too, long before there was a Munich. Adjust for a fairer, better world in trade areas, in colonial possessions, in all relationships with other nations or bargain with the devil. That was the ultimatum. It looked like a better deal to preserve privilege and position and play ball with the devil. So Chamberlain went to Munich and the world went to war.

The basic problem existed through it all—and still exists! Get down to the ground floor and you discover that life is organized on the basis of self-interest. It is said that man is selfish, will always be so, and the only thing to do about it is to balance my selfishness over against yours, and as we play my selfishness over against your selfishness, progress will come. Our best name for it is competition. When it became evident that self-interest was a too-brutal basis to live and work on, we began to talk about enlightened selfishness. That helped in social, class, or national groups for a while. Now our world is too closely knit to live by the whims of enlightened selfishness. One race dare not be pitted against another. Labor dare not array itself against capital interests. One nation must not pit its armed might against another. We must find a better way than gross secularism. Yet gross secularism is so deeply ingrained in all national policies and in every people that the task of changing our social and economic patterns seems too great to be accomplished. There is a vast ground for pessimism in all this. The basic problems are still with us—war or no war.

III

There is—even so—a considerable ground for hope. For one thing, we see the advancing changed relationship between the men whose task is scientific investigation and

those whose task is to lift up and give primacy to the spiritual values in life. We all know now that ours is a vastly powerful universe. Einstein was asked how he discovered relativity and he answered, "I challenged an axiom." Others have been challenging other axioms. In doing so they have revealed the explosive core of the structured universe. We know now that "nothing is too marvelous to be credible or too terrible to be possible." In the wake of this knowledge there has come, fortunately, a changed relationship between science and religion.

I venture to suggest that Harry Emerson Fosdick's analysis of this changed relationship will become the classic statement. He pointed out that our Western world faced four relationships between science and religion. In the first, science was in bondage to religion. No scientist dared contradict the established dogma of the church on pain of death. There was no chance for an Einstein to say, "I challenge an axiom." It was a day when Copernicus was threatened with excommunication unless he recanted his heresy about the earth moving around the sun, which he did in the church, only to shout as he ran out the doors into the streets, "But the earth moves, I tell you, it moves." In the second phase, science broke free from dogmatic bondage and at great price its pioneers won liberty in the search for truth. What this liberated science did was shocking to the church. It broke down old world views. It discredited one dogma after another. It forced radical interpretations of the Bible. It violated many ancient sanctities of opinion. But you cannot stop truth and so this agonizing second phase passed on to a third. In the third, people of spiritual faith began to see that science had too much to offer in the meeting of

human need to be considered the enemy of religion. Science came with healing blessings, first to one area of life, then another, and another. So many and vast were the gifts of science that some men began to say that science could meet all the needs of life. Science entered what was popularly thought of as its competitive role with religion. These last, swift, awful days have plummeted us into the fourth phase. Science has put into our hands power that chills us to the marrowbone. Science says, "I can give you all material power, but I cannot guarantee what you will do with it. Mine is awe as great as that of religion." So we have watched as science becomes the evangelist, with heaven and hell to choose between, saying to the forces of religion, "Seek wisdom and character to control these powers or we are both lost." As frightening as is this last aspect, it is wonderful also. Science and religion are working together in the struggle for a better world. There is certainly ground for hope there.

In the wake of this new relationship of science with religion, coupled with the annihilation of space, has come also a changed concept of the oneness of the earth. Religion had been talking about "one world" long before Wendell Willkie made the term popular. Jesus had spoken about the oneness of all people. Not until recent events compelled us to recognize the necessity have we begun to think of our world as one world.

In the days of the formation of these United States the largest unifying concept man was able to apply was that of the state. And statehood was of great worth in the growth of our national life. But the vast expansion of "this greatest single uninhibited block of land in the universe" forced us to accept a larger unifying concept, the

nation. And nationalism has been of great worth in the growth of our world. We see now that the universe must embrace a larger unifying concept, one world—a single body uniting classes, races, nations. The framework for that ideal is timidly, yet courageously, outlined in the United Nations, the first faint gleam of an actual organization to give breath to the ideal of world government. There is certainly much ground for hope in that.

The widespread knowledge of the vast power available in our world has driven many people back to find a First Cause and forward to consider the Final Cause. What got things going and where they are headed is of foremost concern now. Gone is the easy optimism that we shall in good time come to understand God and at last order our lives by his will. What use is there to prate about some “far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves”? There was great comfort in the thought that such a consummation was “far-off.” But suppose our world should be precipitated toward destruction in the next twenty-four hours? That kind of imminence changes things.

Men are searching for new ways of uniting military, industrial, scientific, and civil forces in pursuit of a peaceful world. They are being driven back to the First Cause, God. They are being led to understand that in Him and in Him alone can there be peace for our world. After all, the real brakes upon the doctrine of hate and fear have always come from the Christian message through the church. Einstein’s testimony will live long. “Being a lover of freedom, when the revolution came in Germany, I looked to the universities to defend it . . . then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers. . . . Only the

church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. . . ." Men of similar caliber, as well as the masses of men, are recognizing that in the world as it is organized today Christianity is not a form but a force; that God is not a far-off and unconcerned spectator in the affairs of men, but the creative First Cause, who placed this vast power at the core of all things, and the only rallying point around which men can center loyalty strong enough and worth enough to meet the needs of this frightful day.

Shortly after Louis XVIII was deposed from his throne Henry Adams wrote from France, "He would have done well in ordinary times, but he inherited a revolution and was not strong enough to stem the tide." Many of our ideas, our goals, our institutions—"the structured framework of our society"—might do well in ordinary times, but under the critical stress and revolutionary temper of our day it behooves us to examine our church, our proclamation of the gospel, our witness of the Christian experience and our commitment to determine whether they are sufficiently valid and powerful to overcome in these times.

The Return From Violence

"In him all things hold together" (Colossians 1:17).

In the 1944 report of the Rockefeller Foundation, President Raymond B. Fosdick graphically described the task which lay ahead of the world as "the return from violence." He saw then that suffering unbelievable and destruction beyond compare had so ravished humanity and the world that whatever other tasks awaited the destinies of the nations they must first successfully gasp back to life in the return from violence.

His words were uttered before the advent of the atomic bomb as the most ruthless force known in the human chronicle. Now this greater horror has come. This little bomb "about the size of an orange," "this vial of wrath," has been poured out upon living creatures. What happened in this demonstration of destructive power has been such a horrid glare in the eyes of mankind that our deed has created "a bottomless wound in the living conscience of the race."

We seek to assuage our murky feelings of guilt in the declaration that surely somebody somehow will turn the violence of our hands to good. We are like the mother who described it to her daughter saying, "It's a new kind of bomb, darling, for the benefit of mankind." Every day we catch at the wistful-wishing hope that this will indeed prove to be true. Scientists confidently tell us that harnessing atomic energy will make man independent of the sun for food production, that man will be enabled to live under the ground as healthily as above the ground

and with more comfort; that the economy of uranium may soon replace the economy of coal; that a pellet of this amazing energy the size of a vitamin pill will run an automobile for a year; that indeed the age which has been foretold by seers and dreamers is at our finger tips.

At this writing what we know about this vast energy has given scant cause for rejoicing. The atom has been split and, as the late Professor Soddy of Oxford prophesied, the first use man made of it was to construct a bomb. However wonderful it is to think of what the Atomic Age might be if man is courageous and honest, atomic energy has now only the smell of death upon its breath. Always in human history man has undergone terrible pain as the price of new knowledge. The Greek legend tells of the search of Prometheus, who stole the secret of fire from the gods, but in retaliation "the winged hound of Zeus" came down to tear from Prometheus' liver the price of fire. So in our world, not in legend but in frightening reality, this new knowledge so rich with hope has become first the violence from which man must return if he would live.

I

Let it be said now that the advent of this violence does not presage the return from violence. Only the naive are so soothed by the hope of what can come of our atomic violence that they dare thank God that so terrible a thing as this has come which will make war impossible; that destruction has now been made so vast and horrible that men will no longer resort to the way of violence. He who reads the last rites of war merely because of the advent of this violence is not much of a prophet and certainly not a historian. President Tru-

man thanked God that this had come to us. He expressed his personal appreciation that God had delegated the favor of this knowledge to us and not to our enemies. Mr. Truman declared ourselves in trusteeship of this force of such tragic significance that it must not again be used in destruction. "Thank God it has come to us," he said.

As common men everywhere in our land heard the reports of vast destruction, of continued radio-activity, of suffering and death unimaginable, they too said, "Thank God it has come to us." Many said more. "Thank God this will spell the end of war." But they had forgotten history. They had forgotten Hiram Maxim, who, demonstrating to Havelock Ellis his invention of the machine gun, was confronted with the visitor's criticism, "But, Maxim, this will make war terrible." "Oh, no, Ellis," replied the inventor, "this will make war impossible." They had forgotten Alfred Bernhard Nobel, who is said to have written a friend concerning gunpowder, "Thank God I have discovered a force so destructive as to end war." Out of Ireland there comes the cartooned ridicule of this attitude. A cave man with stone in hand is accosted by another with a bow and arrow. The cave man with the bow and arrow declares that the instrument which he has made is so dangerous and can be used at such great distance that it will forever end battles between man and man.

Let us not delude ourselves into thinking that since new and greater violence has come to the hand of man we can now dismiss war because it has become so violent that it will never be resorted to again, that we have begun the return from violence as a way of life because violence has become too terrible.

On the contrary, let us frankly admit that the principle upon which the way of violence is founded is merely continuing to its zenith; that the discovery of atomic energy and its use in bomb form, far from banishing war, has made war final. In this terrible thing there is no deflection from our materialistic secularism. It is merely the logical end of the way of violence. It is merely the evidence that we have become proficient in the use of the accepted principle of force; that we have continued the way of violence to the nth degree; that the discovery of atomic energy represents the golden age of an era founded upon force. It is for this reason that before the atom was "cracked," Thomas Thorneley, English man of letters, wrote the following prayer, in a poem entitled *The Atom*:

Wake not the imprisoned power that sleeps
Unknown, or dimly guessed, in thee!

. . .

The last dread secret, Nature, keep!
Add not to man's tumultuous woes;
Till war and hate are laid to sleep,
Keep those grim forces buried deep
That in thine atom still repose.*

II

Let us notice, further, that the advent of this violence, while it has not guaranteed the end of violence, has driven home to us all the knowledge that achievement in material science does not automatically bring progress or happiness to the race. This vast violence has jarred us loose from our nonchalant attitude toward life. It has stabbed our spirits broad awake, spirits asleep in their lethargic dependence upon material things, causing us

* By permission of the *Christian Century*.

to front up once again with the deeper, greater spiritual powers which are at the core of life. Man, proud man, dressed in his little brief authority, strutting through the world, "without fear and without repentance," cocky, arrogant, selfish, relying upon knowledge, using money and power as additional clubs to gain his ends, has suddenly stumbled headlong upon the realization that here is something of Frankenstein proportions which may get out of hand and destroy him. Overnight he becomes plagued with the fear which Nietzsche voiced in Zarathustra, "Ready must thou be to burn thyself in thine own flame." Man has become afraid that what he has done will come boomeranging home at him. The arrogance is gone now. The pride is sick. The evidence is in the way we clutch at the secret of the knowledge of atomic energy. We marched up to the battlefield with this awful thing we had made and without sounding a warning or demonstrating its hellish power in some desert place we dumped it into the vortex of screaming humanity of Hiroshima. Then we rushed back to our radios to await the news. When it came there was rejoicing. Now it was over, we thought. But the rejoicing was short lived. In the next instant we realized that the thing we had done to others might also be done to us. We yelled that it must be kept secret, or used only by the great powers, or outlawed entirely, or something, or anything so that it could not happen to us.

In our bestial mood we had forgotten that truth will out; that no man or group of men have a corner on the basic concepts of life on our planet. We do well to fear that somebody will find out the secret of atomic energy. Sir James Chadwick, chief British adviser on

the atomic bomb, said that any nation with the raw materials could make the bomb without our help. Just that suddenly did our vast navy become meaningless, our industrial potential a mere byword, our bulk power nothing but bulk. It mattered not now that we could build one hundred thousand of the things while a small nation struggled for a mere hundred—the one hundred could put us out of business forever. Thugs call the automatic revolver an equalizer—it gives a little man the power of a big man!

Now no one anywhere is safe from terror. Now we are all in the same terrible boat and our frightening cargo of power unlimited may blow us all to kingdom come. Into the magazines creep pictures of obliterated Hiroshima (war's greater Lidice!), a spot of destruction, a maze of green glass crystallization on the ground and radioactivity in the air and a few battered walls jutting heavenward half a story high like the stubs of fingers. But the caption is what gets you: "Hiroshima, 1945! Chicago 1970?" "Oh, no," I say, "that is too close to my home." "That is what you think," they say. Now is our world like the village in which John Donne's preacher tolled the bell at the death of a villager. When the villagers came to ask for whom the bell tolled he reminded them that they were all part of each other, that as one lives all live, and as one dies all die. "Send not to find for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

The man in the street, long accustomed to regarding blandly the contributions of science as representing some gain for life though he understand not in what ways these may be made known, has suddenly been caught by a fear that this thing may be too great for his moral power to

contain. He is turning his eye from the thing made to the man who made it. He sees how bestial can be the gifts of the universe when passed through his hands. He is jarred to the bone marrow. The whole earth seems to be falling apart; its vast ruin cascading upon his culture, his home, his civilization; its destructive power enveloping him and all his. He is shaking in his boots. He fears what William Butler Yeats wrote of:

Things fall apart, the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.*

He reaches out for something to tie to, but everything is in flux. The foundations seem to fall. He sees also that there is no place to run to, no frontier beyond which he is safe, no ocean to cross over in escape. The principle on which the age is founded has reached its zenith. Its horror is a lurid glare before the eyes of thinking men. He turns from it all as a father who has crushed his child in a moment of anger. All the agonies of hell have got hold of his soul and tear at his heart because of the force which he has turned loose in death, never to recall.

III

Finally, the advent of this violence may cause us eventually to look to that Force (capital *F*) which holds all things together and thus help us to contrast better the power which *He* has to save with the power *we* have to destroy. In our desperation to escape the disasters of violence we *may* be thrown back on God and in that crisis find life.

In the first days after the horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki not a few people wondered if the "chain reaction" which had begun on the sands of New Mexico

* From "The Second Coming," in *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats*.
By permission of the Macmillan Co.

could ever be stopped. Not even the scientists could guarantee what might happen. The theologically minded queried if the dispensationalist did not have the answer after all our jibes. Were not these indeed the last days? Matter was being blown to bits, not out on the perimeter, but, as President Truman observed, in the core of things. The basic stuff was being blown apart. The cosmos was being turned back into a chaos. The earth could go out like a candle in a tornado. Men grabbed at the news of what was happening. Believe you me, they read it with more eagerness than they ever read a Buck Rogers serial. The chain stopped. Men began to breathe again. They recoiled from Hiroshima and Nagasaki, not certain they wanted any to regroup the elements and make possible again the terror of this violence.

Man had become aware of the amazingly repellent force of the natural world. He had seen what it would do in destruction. But for a long time man had understood what terrible things happened because of the repellent force of personality. Individuals, graphically termed by someone as "infinitely repellent particles," had lived for centuries by a "root, hog, or die" philosophy, a "dog eat dog" economy, a "devil take the hindmost" society which set man over against man, and brother at his brother, and made man's crowning but inglorious achievement his inhumanity to his fellow man. A few individuals exploding with hatred set off the chain reaction in which multitudes became inflamed. As swiftly as by the square of the speed of light—to accept Einstein's equation for the conversion of mass into energy—a few inflame millions in strike warfare. A handful of bigots kindle a whole multitude in race riots. A dozen archnationalists turn

multitudes from co-operation to tyranny or crystallize a whole metropolis against the Jews. These are chain reactions started by man's inhumanity to man. Once started, they soon get out of control, to stop no man knows where.

If indeed matter is blowing its brains out, what about personality in our kind of world? Is it not true that we are setting up in our finely organized and highly complex society a "chain reaction" whose end in greed and hatred and selfishness will be a flood no man can measure? Is human personality, which we had vaunted as permanent, to blow its brains out and its head off, its life flung frustrate and battered into discard?

There is something else in the world. We know it. Men are out in search of it, are finding it. These terrible days are helping us in that search. I'll never forget the way one man put it. He was speaking on atomic energy—the one subject worth a dime at luncheons! He picked up a salt shaker from the table. He explained how small were the atomic nuclei and how much space there was between each. There were millions of them in an inch of the stuff. If one of them could be made big enough for us to see, only two could get in the room we were in. The salt shaker was a whole planetary system! Solid matter was teeming with life. The universe was not a great machine but, as Jeans said, a great mind working. The speaker declared that he who sees this, however vaguely, does not have a far step to God. He can understand how great God is and the marvelous way in which He works in the universe. We no longer need to declare with Eddington that "something unknown is doing we do not know what." Rather we say with Paul, "In him all things

cohere." One of the modern versions translates it, "In him all things hang together." The universe finds its unity in Him. In Him all things were formed and put. It is by Him that things, mere things—not only prayer, truth, devotion, consecration, but things, mere things—find their harmony and have their foundation. Augustine wrote of it long before man ever thought of an atom:

Nothing is left empty of his presence . . .
He is the giver and sustainer of life . . .
He it is who binding all with each . . .
 produces the perfect unity of nature
 and the harmonious reign of law.

The universe is of one piece and it is His universe. For all that man would tear down and blast to bits there is this greater power striving for unity, giving substance to everything. "In him all things hang together."

The evidences of the unifying power of God made known in love have been hid behind this rush to power. Now we are compelled to think of the measure of our violence. Like the faint first rose of dawn there comes to our attention the testimony of men who demonstrate a way other than that of violence. We are justly proud of these heroes who have at great cost to themselves shown the world that not only is there an infinitely repellent force moving among men, but also a power which holds things together. The world has not yet been able to sense how strong that power is. But when the world is brought to its knees, sees its folly and is broken by guilt it rejoices that there were a few who became the heralds of another day and of another way of life. One of our own boys, William Stafford, put the hopes of many in a brief, grand prophecy, "We have just begun to *not* fight."

There is a power greater to save than to destroy. It is still the universe of Him in whom all things cohere, "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Therefore let us offer no prayer for a fitting use of might, nor even a eulogy upon the place of man in the universe. Let us make the simple yet profound request of the little New England girl, who, having finished her prayers, thought that something further ought to be added and said, "And, dear God, do take care of yourself, 'cause if anything would happen to you, I don't know what would happen to the rest of us."

*Why Not Try Religion?**

Horace Greeley once received a letter from a woman stating that her church was in distressing financial straits. They had tried all sorts of devices—fairs, festivals, suppers, mock marriages, and socials. Would he suggest something to keep their struggling church from disbanding?

The editor wrote back, "Why not try religion?"

I

This incident is illustrative of the modern approach to the religious experience. We are a generation of those who feel that the blessings of the gospel of Christ can be achieved through a rearrangement of the external circumstances of life. We have somehow been led to feel that if knowledge be the heritage of all, if food in sufficient quantities be distributed throughout the earth, if democracy as the framework of government be operative in every land, *et cetera*, it would then be a comparatively easy operation to institute the kingdom of God on earth.

We have just come to the end of a terrible world war. The glare of destruction and the mass butchering of human life will plague us as a horrible nightmare from which humanity will scarce know how to recoil. The figures have not fully been tabulated which will tell us at what stupendous cost in terms of human life, the cultural heritage of the ages, and the values placed on property and material things, this debacle has been achieved. As the awful business trudged toward its close the world be-

* A sermon delivered at the 1945 annual meeting of the Brethren Student Christian Movement.

gan to plan that this could never happen again. Our thoughts turned to San Francisco in the hope that men might there establish some framework within which peace could be achieved. Everybody had his ideas about what would do the most to insure peace for our world. Not the least of these was Chef George Mardikian, the proprietor of famed Restaurant Omar Khayyam.

A good dinner will put any man in a conciliatory frame of mind. A bad one will make him quarrelsome and disputatious. How men eat definitely influences their judgement as well as their digestion. Empires can be built or destroyed at the dinner table. Peace in our time can well depend upon whether we soothe or insult the gastronomic tastes of our guests. . . .

So, that was the kind of thread by which the peace of the world hung! Could anything be more removed from the heart of the world's distress than this little bit of Epicureanism?

Not infrequently we regard our personal problems in this same superficial manner. We get ourselves tied up in all sorts of personality complexes. We are lonely. We are unhappy. We do not eat well, nor sleep. We are irritable. The other fellow rubs the snout of his gregariousness down the fur of our irritability. We just cannot stand people. Our work does not get on. The future looks as "black as a hundred midnights down in cypress swamp." We declare we do not care. Our concerns narrow and become tiny and finally ingrown. Our vision becomes hidebound. We spend our hours playing with trifles and nourishing our pet vices, saying they are merely our darling sins. We do things which will not stand in the light of day. Things go from bad to worse. It is as though some gremlin were always gumming up the mechanism

which keeps us going until at last the mechanism breaks down or we blow up. What shall we do? Change the diet? Take sleeping exercises? Go to a psychiatrist? Not infrequently these procedures are of great assistance. Usually they remove the secondary causes of a primary disturbance. By these expedients difficulties may be corrected for a time until the primary disturbance finds more subtle ways of disguising itself and breaking out in other areas of our experience. In solving many of our personal problems we stay up on the surface. We gloss over the things which are really troubling us. We wink at sin rather than confess it.

So it was in the recent account I read of that famous woman of literature, Lady Macbeth. She was standing against the stone walls behind which the turreted towers of Dunsinane were thrust into the sky—a beautiful, gaily garbed, perfectly entrancing young queen, whose only defect was a tiny spot of blood in the palm of her dainty hand. She reached wistfully at a modern, spanking, brand-new electric washing machine. The caption read: “Lady Macbeth needed a washing machine!”

Lady Macbeth was the original lather lady!
She hated spots.

In fact, it was a tell-tale spot of blood
that caused her downfall, according to
Will Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon.
All Lady Macbeth needed was some peroxide,
cold water and an electric washing machine
To change her destiny.

That modified version of her needs might well help the sales of the advertised commodity but it will not heal the distress which plagued the famous lady. Pick up her story in Act V of the original version and you will see her

wandering around in the cavernous halls of Dunsinane—old, hoary, testy, and demented. Her candle-lighted eyes are glaringly open but their sense shut. As she roams she wails that all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten her little hand. At last the doctor says in despair:

. . . unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all.

It is about time for us to quit living as though all the better things for better living are going to come through chemistry—to borrow a tag line from Du Pont. Or by medicine! Or by a higher standard of living! Or by democracy! Or by universal education! If I had to analyze the core of our trouble in a single sentence it would be something like this: Whenever we leave God out everything which we do destroys us. Knowledge, without Him, is a Nebuchadnezzar's curse, blasting and warping life. Science, without Him, is destruction. Social progress without Him is merely "breaking one egg after another in the effort to provide that ultimate omelet which we hope sometime to enjoy." Democracy, without Him, becomes merely a device for the protection of an eight per cent interest rate. Any fine thing of life, taken alone, gone off by itself, unrelated to the rest of man's hopes and fears, soon becomes malignant, threatening the existence of the whole unit. In our day when the sands of opportunity for a forthright dealing with life are fast running out, we do well to shun substitutes, to avoid all secondhand expedients, to forget about the peripheral things and deal directly with the curse which blights life and

the world. The best thinkers are giving us just this generation—at the outside, no more!—to get down to the heart of our difficulties and eliminate them or go up in smoke.

II

We can be grateful that ours is such a day in which the lines are tightly drawn. So much has happened to put the fear of something in man—I did not put a capital S on that *something*; I would have said God if I meant God. It is fear of something—I am not sure of what. Perhaps it is the fear of survival of the race. H. G. Wells has already written off man and life as we know it from the earth, declaring that our only hope for life is on some animal level. What has happened in the fields of atomic energy, bacteriological warfare, and pilotless missiles of destruction has thrown men back against harsh alternatives. The choice facing our world has been made simpler in these complex days.

The choice which we face is not between belief and unbelief. It is the choice between belief in what Christ stands for and belief in the opposite. There is no middle ground. Those who do not choose Christ become the accessories of Caesar. We now see that we must accept the Christian affirmations about God and man and righteous living or face the consequences. And the consequences? A universe organized in revolt against the laws of God. Man as a mere accident of the dust. An era of stark materialism. To the end a way of life organized around the horror of violence, spurred on by hatred, its fingers muddied with greed. It is time to break through the crust of superficiality and get down to the depth of what is wrong in our world.

From the most unexpected sources come the ominous

warnings that we must now come to grips with the spiritual problem or perish. The most sweeping recent utterance is the now-famous apostrophe to victory spoken by General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur from the deck of the U. S. S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay when the peace terms with Japan were signed:

Military alliances, balances of power, leagues of nations all in turn failed to produce peace, leaving only the path to be the way of the crucible of war. The utter destructiveness of war now blots out that alternative. We have had our last chance. If we do not now devise some greater and more equitable system, Armageddon will be at our door. The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character that will synchronize with an almost matchless advance in science, art, literature and all material and cultural developments of the last two thousand years. It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh.

Everywhere one picks up this last warning to mankind. It is as though the moral order had written its last will and testament, saying to the world that the principle on which our age has been founded has run its course. We are at what D. L. George once called "the broken waters beneath the great falls." "Modern man," said Leon Bloy, "has been brought to bay at the extremity of all things."

III

It is not too bad that we find ourselves at this crucial period. One might even rejoice that we are at the fork in the road where man cannot go his way longer without now choosing destruction or life. Man's extremity has always been God's opportunity. If there was ever an hour when God was trying to break through and bring His word of light and life to man, surely this is that hour. We are entering another of those pivots of history in which

the tide has to turn one way or another; in which the doors of time are almost literally lifted off their hinges; in which mankind, finding itself off on a false and self-destroying start, turns once again toward God.

Israel of old revolted from God's ways only to be thrown against the stones of disobedience. From these stones she looked up to God, sought repentance, and made a new start. Time and again everything seemed lost. Israel was hip deep in war, submerged in idolatry, corroded with sin. God caught up out of their times men who saw the desperate plight of their people and called them back to God. (It is a mistake to identify the prophetic role with that of the seer—one who tells of things before they happen. Better it is to think of him as a see-er—one who so clearly apprehends the present situation and is aware of the immutable laws of God that he can speak with confidence about what is yet to come.) Daniel is commanded by Belshazzar to interpret the message written on the wall. Incisively Daniel recalls to the king how he tore down the place of worship to God, built altars to the idols, lived in sin, grew fat on luxury, became arrogant with power, crushed men and nations beneath his power. These brutalities had blinded him. Of course, Belshazzar could not understand. But the path of right was too clearly marked out for Daniel to miss. "This night shall Darius come and take thee and thy kingdom."

Amos came up fresh from the hill country to the capital to shout the doom of the Lord upon a people who had turned to the ways of battle and destruction and slavery. He told them that the Lord would roar as a lion out of Zion—a judgment to chill them in the tracks of their iniquity . . . except ye turn!

Except ye turn! The prophet's message was everlastingly twofold. The prophet delineated a cold, hard analysis of the present disintegration and a clear, warm, healing word of hope. He pointed out the way from chaos back to the cosmos. That word of hope was never absent. Israel, you are at the turning point of your destiny. Except ye turn ye shall be utterly destroyed! Judea, this is the midnight hour of your folly. Except ye turn all is lost! America, you have gone as far as you can go down the present road. Except ye turn unto God your days are numbered and your kingdom will go out like a candle in the night. God is always raising up men and women to hawk His wares down the highways of history. At the crucial turns in the road the prophet calls men from unbelief and nations from their folly. "A statesman," said Dr. Gunsaulus, "is a man who finds out where God is going and gets things out of the way."

There never was a greater or a more responsible day in which to be alive in all history than these frightful days in which we live. All the cards are on the table now. The scientists tell us we shall have to make up our minds to "do or die" by 1975 at the outside. The modern minister is indulging in no "homiletical heroics" when he picks up the fierce urgency of Richard Baxter:

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying man.

The time is fast running out when we can decide which fork of the road to the future we will take. The advent of atomic energy has made that decision more immediate and more compelling. We must now choose the ways of force or the power of God. That decision strikes destiny upon the years in which we live.

We are but a little church, a small fellowship, a people who walk the common ways of life. Yet never forget that we have a glorious gospel and a great God. Our frail humanity is under fee to this glorious gospel and this great God. Would that God granted me the power to kindle in each of our hearts the understanding of how desperately He needs us in a troubled world! Is anything more important than this—that we clear the way by which the men and women of our day shall hear that call to serve which is deeper than the sea, broader than the earth and more vital than the throbbing of the heart? Is medicine? Is art? Is surgery? Is law? Is engineering? Nothing now matters half so much as this responsibility of urging men to live by the laws of God. "Who knoweth but that thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

I pray God that something gets into your blood and never, never lets you go until you serve Him with all your powers. I hope that God will keep probing and prodding at your very soul, dingdonging at you the fierce intensity and need of the world, dragging in upon your fireplace mat the urgency of these days. I pray that God will keep on tormenting us until our lives come to that full consecration before Him.

A humble workman, dressed in his laborer's clothes, cap in hand, came at the lunch hour to one of the great art galleries and stood in soul-filling awe before a great painting of Christ. He paused reverently before he went back to his work, looked up, and said in simple commitment, "Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, you can count on me."

PART II

THE STRUGGLE FOR A PACIFIST FAITH

O Heart, that beats with every human heart,
O Heart, that weeps with every human tear,
O Heart, that sings with every human song,
Fill our slow hearts with the flood tides of Thy love;

That they may beat with every human heart,
That they may weep with every human tear,
That they may sing with every human song,
And thus, through Thee, unite with all mankind.

Going Beyond

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another" (John 13:34).

Christian people have always lived in an unchristian world. A prime example is to be found in the widespread practice of speaking of the United States as "a Christian nation." This assertion is belied by the simplest arithmetic. Fifty-two and five-tenths per cent of our citizens have made some profession of Christ. The statistician receives scant comfort from the fact that numerically we are a Christian nation—by a hair! Unfortunately a disappointingly large percentage of those who have made profession of faith do not pretend to follow Christ. They accept the Christian ceremonies of marriage and burial, but the earnest application of the Christian principles in all areas of life is far from them. If an accurate analysis were made it is to be doubted that one third of our total population could be termed Christian.

This is no new phenomenon. It is generally conceded that the Christian family has never constituted a numerical majority in any nation or civilization. Those who would follow Christ have had to live out their days in an environment where the teachings of the Master were foreign to the prevalent mood of the people and alien to the current mode of life.

In a land where everybody and everything are loosely spoken of as Christian what constitutes the difference between the person who follows Christ and the one who does not? At once most of us become theological and

reply that the difference is a matter of faith. It is no tangible thing that you can put your fingers on. It is something in one's personal commitment to the Christian ideal and the full giving of himself to achieve that ideal. The difference is that one is saved and the other is lost, one goes to heaven and the other to hell. I want to turn your thoughts to the functional difference between the two. If you were to meet a Christian on the street corner, or in his home, or at his job, what would there be about him which you would not expect to find in the person who does not follow Christ? A rather tidy question to ask, is it not?

I

The hard core of what Jesus said about life is contained in the Sermon on the Mount. It is an accepted fact that what He did tallied with what He said. Not all of the Sermon on the Mount is difficult to understand. It smacks of common sense not to judge people, to scorn hypocrisy, to refuse to murder, to shun adultery, to hold the tongue which is coated with invective. Some teachings in the Sermon on the Mount carry their own weight. They are obvious on their surface.

But some aspects of the Sermon on the Mount are admittedly difficult to understand. At first glance, they are far from "making sense." Take, for example, those five requirements of the Christian experience. (1) It is a quite difficult task to bring oneself to the place where it seems wise not to fight back when one's right jaw is under attack, much less to offer the opponent an opportunity for a flanking movement against an unguarded left jaw. (2) It seems somewhat nonsensical to pay more than the law demands. (3) It takes much grace to bring oneself to

the willingness to take a walking excursion of an extra mile with an unpalatable companion who has commandeered us for the original mile. (4) We are not so sure we ought to "shell out" every time that well-known or unknown fellow taps us on the shoulder saying, "Could you spare me a five spot today, pal?" (5) There seems to be a contradiction in terms and life in loving one's enemy. These five teachings sound impossible and unworkable.

It is our belief that a good case could be made for each of these teachings of Jesus when examined thoroughly and placed in its right relationship in life. Our purpose is to draw together all these teachings—those which are easy to understand and those which are difficult to understand—and to strain out from them the essence of what it is which makes a Christian different in his daily life. If one were to come to grips with the entire pattern of conduct which Jesus laid down, wherein would lie the fundamental difference between the Christian and the non-Christian?

The Christian commits himself to a way of life which goes beyond that which is required of him. He adopts the general principle which is embodied in the second-mile idea about life. He not only does that which is right; he stands ready and willing to do more. He not only helps as much as he ought to, but invariably he does more than is expected. He not only gives as much as he ought to give, but always goes beyond that. He exceeds all the requirements of the law. He exceeds the requirements of the laws of friendship, drawing a circle large enough to include enemies. He exceeds the requirements of the laws of social justice, attempting to

give in such a way that men will not have need. He exceeds the laws of justice, for mercy and love are his techniques. In every particular he is beyond what is required or even expected of him.

Conversely, he refuses to be demanding concerning his own rights. He is not forever insisting on getting all that is legally his. He is willing personally to take less, but always to give more. He is like George Bernard Shaw's gentleman, who puts in more than he takes out. The essential difference of the Christian pattern of conduct is that it goes beyond. It is the philosophy of the second mile. It is doing in life what a minister once asked his congregation to volunteer to do for the church. He asked all to become "Companions of the Second Mile" who were willing to do more than their share, to go beyond the requirements of church membership. All such companions were to do all that they ought to do for the church and more. Not infrequently were they to be called upon to do what others ought to have done, but did not. At times when it little suited and they seemed ill-fitted for the task, they were to do the job. The essence of the Christian principle of life is that it always goes beyond.

II

This general principle of going beyond which catches up these five perplexing duties of the Christian experience was no more comprehensible in that old world in which Jesus lived than it is now. The conception of justice in the time of Jesus was in accord with the Greek tradition. A blindfolded goddess with a balance in her hand knew that when the supporting beam was horizontal the quantities in the suspended pans were equal. There was no

guesswork about justice. Human values could be weighed in the balance and be easily tabulated. Job replied to his accusers, "Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity." If, as in the case of Belshazzar, the verdict was "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting," then there must be added punishment until the weight of the punishment equaled the weight of the error. It was a very simple method. Make punishment equal to the crime. Extract an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Keep the balance! The most primitive concepts of justice center here in this equal ratio between crime and punishment. The sequel to this was the prevalent idea that if one did not get this exact balance he had received an injustice. A finger could never take the place of an eye. And to have lost an eye and to have collected but a digit was a miscarriage of justice!

This traditional conception of the rightness of things as an equality between right and wrong is clearly revealed and beautifully stated in the philosophy of Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. Shylock has often been pictured as having the nasty, niggardly attitude of the lowbrow Jew who, in the words of Portia, was "void and empty from any dram of mercy." But Shylock was no penny-pinching parasite. True, he loved his ducats and he had his prejudices. So do we all. It is said that when Henry Irving, the great Shakespearean impersonator, was cast in the role of Shylock he portrayed the Jew as a man of principle and of much dignity. Shylock took the position that the law was the standard of justice and as such must be obeyed. "I stand on my bond," he said. "I want what is due me. I ask nothing more than is neces-

sary in business ethics. What kind of a city would we have in Venice if we permit every young buck like this Antonio to break his bond?"

It is also our concept of justice that a misdeed is to be answered in kind if justice is achieved. Few of us had the occasion to see, through the hair wires of a bomb sight, the paper and wood city of Tokyo lying vulnerable below. Therefore, ours could not be the exultant glee of some, who, seeing the black smoke and leaping flames with their telltale evidence of a direct hit, said, "It serves the yellow rascals right. They had it coming to them. This evens up the score." Yet when the radio reported that Tokyo was in flames did not all too many of us sit back in armchair comfort and say, "I tell you it serves the yellow rascals right. They had it coming to them"?

III

But Jesus, who is always leagues ahead of us, went beyond the time-honored concepts of right and good and justice. The human tendency is to declare with Hamlet that we will not treat people "much better than their deserts." We want to be just, but no more than that. We want to do right, but that is good enough. Then comes Jesus with this more difficult doctrine, this doctrine of the second mile, this doctrine of doing more than is just, this doctrine of surpassing the bounds prescribed by the law, this doctrine of going beyond. It was not an easy doctrine for the Jewish Christians of Jesus' time to accept. They wondered what would ever become of this old world if this second-mile philosophy were put into action. The new way which Jesus proclaimed was not justice; it was above justice. It was not right; it was above right. It went beyond, because it was a gospel of

love. Since love was the basis of His life he was always above and beyond the law.

It is a truism to say that Christianity is based upon this law of love. Once Christ is accepted as Savior, love must become the ruling force or our commitment is hypocrisy. Jesus Himself has said that it is by the sign of love that all men shall know that we are His disciples. The new commandment which He gave made love the keystone of conduct. Why did He call it a new commandment? There were prior commandments requiring that a man love his fellow men, as in Leviticus. This was the first time that any class or group of men were to have this as their distinguishing mark. Jews were marked by external rites, the philosopher by some other mark of distinction, the military man by his garb. In none of these cases was love for each other the distinguishing and peculiar badge. Christians were to be known not by wealth, or position, or learning, or fame—love was to be the quality by which any man could tell that they were different from all other men.

IV

Need I say any word about how difficult it is to live by this principle in our time? Yet if what Jesus asked us to do has any relevance we must come to grips with the love principle which is the heart of His gospel. For that endeavor we have this much encouragement. He did it. And what is more, the results of His way of life have not stacked up so badly across the centuries. In fact, there is nothing of quite so much significance in two thousand years of human history as the power of this grand, great creative energy which was made known to man when God in Christ revealed to us the potentialities of love.

1. If we would live by the love principle we must put first things first. We must be willing to go as far as we ought before we can go beyond. No first-mile stragglers can hope to carry second-mile responsibilities. Justice comes first, then mercy. Fair play comes first, then generosity. The horse must go before the cart. The requirements of honesty, hard work and common justice are the prerequisites to mercy, goodwill and love. Christianity is a combination of honesty and benevolence.

2. The plunge into the second-mile is gratuitous, generous, and unselfish. The law demanded that Jews carry the baggage of soldiers of the Roman army of occupation one mile—no more. The Romans were just! "Carry it another mile," said Jesus. "Continue the journey. In the second mile—your mile!—is where the good will be accomplished." Jesus could have chosen no more galling area of Jewish life in which to expound the second-mile principle. It is precisely the kind of generosity which Woodrow Wilson insisted upon at Versailles. Clemenceau was so infuriated that he shrieked, "Ah, Wilson talks like Jesus Christ." The sad state of present world affairs is abundant witness that not enough people have talked like Jesus Christ.

It seems unlikely that we shall be privileged to live in an environment which accepts the method of the Master. This means that we shall have to live out our days following Him with goodness as an uphill proposition all the way; with love and mercy and the weightier matters of the law running against the common grain; sacrificing for what we believe to be right; going beyond, oftentimes far beyond, what the world deems fitting and proper. A Christian is a person who has mastered the art of going beyond.

The Bundle of Life

*As the human body is one and has many members, all are members of the body forming one body for all their number, so it is with Christ. . . . Thus, if one member suffers, all the members share his suffering; if one member is honored, all the members share its honor" (1 Corinthians 12:12, 26).**

The responsibilities of the Christian life are far more extensive than most of us admit to ourselves. We have made the commitment of heart, in which we yielded ourselves to Christ. To this has been added the commitment of mind, in which the hard facts of life have been made to harmonize with our beliefs. Many of us stop there. It is necessary also that we make the commitment of body, by which we share the sufferings of mankind and in which we labor with Christ to bring his kingdom into full realization in our world.

One part of the Christian responsibility is that the good life which is promised in Christ shall be realized in our own lives. Another part of our Christian responsibility is that the good life which is promised in Christ shall be realized in the lives of all men. The dean of a large American university hung the picture of a poor lad in tattered overalls in the hallway of his home. He taught his daughter to say each time she passed the picture: "While there is a dispossessed class, I am in it. The Christian life cannot mean all that it ought to mean to

* From *The Bible: A New Translation*, by James Moffatt. Used by permission of Harper and Bros.

me until it means all that it ought to mean to every man upon the earth."

We are bound together in the bundle of life. We are members of one another. "Man," said Emerson, "is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world."

I

Someone has said that "a weed is an unloved flower." One spring day a man labored endlessly to weed out the dandelions from his front lawn—and their name was legion! To his friend he castigated the menace of the dandelion weed in no uncertain terms. But his friend said, "There was once a flower of such sharp and clear beauty amid the forest wilds that it was called the lion's tooth, from which our word *dandelion* comes. When it became numerous it became obnoxious. One dandelion viewed alone is a beautiful flower." Something like that has happened to our appreciation of the worth and the aspirations of man. No longer a lion's tooth of forest beauty and vigor, he becomes lost as we pigeonhole him with class or type. The worth and hopes and longings that he has in himself are lost in his social, professional, or economic status. He stands no longer on his own feet. He is just one of the many who seem to be like him.

Think how difficult it is for a colored man to stand on his own feet and be judged by his own merit in our country. Because the Negro was once a slave among us and often now takes out the ashes and collects the garbage we make the generalization that all colored people "were cut out" for menial tasks. We have fallen into the habit of pigeonholing a man who is colored. It takes a Joe Lewis to batter us white folk around awhile or a Marian

Anderson to sing to us more beautifully than the nightingale before we are willing to change our conceited ideas about the white race being stronger or more talented than the colored race.

We unfairly lump all Germans into one class by saying that the German people have been warlike from the foundations of the world. No matter how peace-loving and home-loving a German peasant may be there are some who will always think of him as basically and inescapably pugilistic.

We have perverted the word *Jew*, which is a noun, by using it as a verb. No matter, then, how fair may be the dealings of our Jewish associates, we feel definitely that they can sell an article for ninety-eight cents where anybody else must have a dollar because there is something in their constitution which enables them to "jew down" the price.

There is the story of a Jew who constantly refused to indulge in the ignorance and the indifference of seeing a person only as a type. One day as he journeyed he came to a well in Samaria. He asked a drink of water of a woman who came to draw at the well. The woman was aghast at his request—not that the social impropriety of it embarrassed her, for she had toyed easily with the lives of five men and thought nothing of breaking convention! Her amazement was that he was a Jew and she a Samaritan, for Jews had no dealings with Samaritans. She assumed, of course, that since Jesus was a Jew, he was like all Jews and would not so much as speak to Samaritans. Jesus refused to pigeonhole the woman with all other Samaritans, to judge her on the basis of geography. He knew that there was an essential individuality about every

person. A woman was always more than just a Samaritan woman. A man whose skin is black is always more than a colored man. He knew that in one sense we never see a man at all if we see him only as one of a kind.

A house-to-house canvasser—one of those nuisances who make inquiry about everything from cornflakes to census takes—knocked at the door of a lowly home. A woman, bowed with work, whose clothes were tattered through poverty, answered the door. “How many children live here, ma’am?” In motherly fashion the woman began to name her brood, for a brood it was: “Well, there’s Jimmy, and Mary and Bill and Sue and—” The canvasser interrupted her roll call with harsh impatience: “Oh, I don’t care about the names, just the number, just the number.” The woman, in her righteous indignation, replied, “They ain’t got numbers, all got names.” In one sense we never see a man at all if we see him only in his class. Of that greatest Father it is said that “He calleth His own by name.”

II

There is another sense in which we never see a man at all if we see him only apart from his surroundings. No man lives in a vacuum. He is part and parcel of a broader sweep of life than is stirred by the little broom of his existence. Every man is a part of his past and of his surroundings. To understand the hopes and needs of a man we must understand something of everything which is woven into the warp and woof of his life. The new knowledge of psychology has greatly helped us to understand how much the stream of existence has done to pour us into our present mold. No man can belie his past or turn his back upon it. Our roots go deeper than we

know. And no man can live apart from his surroundings. His home, his family, his relatives, his in-laws, his job, his church, his city—are all a part of him.

Men live and move and have their being virtually unknown among us. We know nothing of their foreparents, we understand little of their hopes and dreams. That is why so many men are dying of loneliness in our world. There is barrenness of heart in the crowded city. People live in solitude across the intersection from us and are unknown if they live more than a few doors down the street. They touch elbows with multitudes. They touch hearts with none. The world about them is anxious and full and swirling, but they are alone and they are unknown. We see them and yet we do not see them. Like the vision of the man whom Jesus cured of blindness, our vision is so dim that men are no more accurately discerned than as trees walking! We hear via the grapevine that this man has too much mortgage on his house, or that this woman is a holy terror to live with, or that that child has kicked over the traces completely. We check these tiny bits of gossip with the few facts we have and remind ourselves that it sounds all right. It is precisely what we have always thought. Little wisps of fact are woven with whole hoards of fiction to make up our concept of persons whom we do not know or love.

Down the street several doors is the man into whose life has come a great sorrow. Next door is the man facing separation from home and loved ones to go to a far-off front in a distant land. Across the alleyway is a man undergoing the minor tragedy of a flat tire. In the apartment across the hall is another to whom some difficulty of life has come. We know how we would react to these

adjustments and sorrows. But he seems to be different. A pain to him is not like a pain to us. It is something easier to bear. A flat tire on his car is not nearly so flat as it would be on our car. Sorrows to him are mild compared to what they are to us. His hopes and longings are but pale fires compared to our burning desires. We have not really seen him as he is. Men are like trees walking.

The war relief agency writes that a whole generation of modern Greeks will be lost if food is not gotten to them at once, that nineteen out of every twenty babies born in Greece last year died. The Community Fund speaker says that the juvenile delinquency problem is such as to stagger the imagination of thinking citizens. The average age of boys now being admitted to a near-by correction school has come down from seventeen to thirteen in three years. Wang Tung writes from China that the membership of the Brethren church is decreasing almost daily because Brethren people are dying from starvation. We hear those things and we say that they seem impossible. We have very poor apprehension of human need. We have not been able to comprehend the depth of the cuts and bruises which the "fell blows of circumstance" have thrust upon men. Merrily we go on our way feeling that somehow the world's ill will work itself out without our active concern.

III

Fortunately much of what has been happening these awful days is driving home to us the knowledge that we are bound together in the bundle of life much more closely than we had thought. We are being made to see that the Christian life cannot mean all it ought to mean

to us until it means all it ought to mean to every man under the sun.

In our world it is not possible to live alone and like it. Isolationism is more unsound spiritually than it is geographically. We may make a stab at living alone when all goes well. Safely encased in glass-enclosed cars, we can glide to town past the black belt with its dirt and disease, but there comes a day when we must board the public conveyance. We may do pretty well alone, but when an unmistakably consumptive cough showers our child with us, then we know all too well that we cannot live alone and like it.

We say that "a man's home is his castle," and many a man who has thought himself and his family safely ensconced in it startingly discovers one day that infantile paralysis has overleaped the wall, that scarlet fever spanned the moat and that the sickness and suffering of the world have crowded inside his door. What is good for one is good for all. What is bad for one is bad for all. We can no more go on blithely saying that one man's meat is another man's poison. Socially, economically, and spiritually, we are bound together in the bundle of life. The things which lower the level of life for some lower it for all. The things which raise the level of life for some raise the level of life for all. That is what Paul was saying to the Corinthian Christians when he wrote: "If one member suffers, all the members share his suffering; if one member is honored, all the members share his honor."

There is a story, widely circulated in the Southland, of a multimillionaire who came to a distinguished lawyer in his city, saying, "Ten generations ago my people came

from Scotland to America. I have traced the family history through every generation and have not been able to discover a single member of the family who achieved any distinction either professionally, socially, or financially. My father was a drunkard. My brother is in the penitentiary. As a lad I ran away from home to escape the disagreeableness of the place. I made good financially. Now I am concerned for my children. I want you to advise me how to invest my money and use my influence so that my children and my children's children for ten generations in the future will be secured in the ways of right and thus erase the blot on our family name." The lawyer indicated on his desk a large X. From the intersection he indicated an upper pyramid representing his ancestors, saying, "Here at the center is your generation. You had two parents, four grandparents, *et cetera*, back ten generations. More than two thousand people in those ten generations have influenced your life." The lawyer then indicated the lower pyramid representing his descendants. "You are speaking about protecting your children for ten generations to come. Sir, at best you will not be one two-thousandth part of the influence which is brought to bear upon your children ten generations hence. The only way for you to use your influence and invest your money that your children ten generations in the future may be secure is to use them to make all children secure. Only as all children are lifted up will your children—in the next generation or in ten generations—be made secure."

"We are members one of another." The original language graphically says, "We are organs one of another." We are the living cells in the one body of mankind. The

littlest finger cannot hurt or the least tooth pain without the whole body feeling that pain. In the future mankind must move forward together. Once freedom from fear, from want, from war, and of religion was the exclusive possession of one out of ten men. A bill in the Roman Senate to arm-band the slaves as a marking device was defeated when it was pointed out that nine out of every ten would be thus marked. The slaves, it was feared, would become aware of their strength and rebel. Once the prized possessions toward which democracy and freedom are moving were exclusive possessions of one out of ten. They must now become the charter for every ten out of ten men in our world. The rallying cry of the new age must be "There cannot be Greek or Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman, but Christ is all and in all."

We have the pledge and promise of this goal for the life of man upon the earth in the life and teachings of Christ. He taught us to pray, saying, "Our Father." He Himself prayed that all men might be one as were He and God. He set before us the goal of a coming brotherhood of love. He sent us out into the world as missionaries of goodwill and helpfulness, commissioned as surely to give a cup of cold water as to preach His gospel.

In one of his Christmas messages to the empire, King George VI of England related a story he first heard from the lips of our own late President Roosevelt. It was the account of a little boy carrying a smaller one up a hill. A man, observing the lad's difficulty, asked, "Is he not too heavy a burden for you, lad?" But the boy replied, "He's not a burden, sir; he's my brother."

*A Pacifist's Search**

It is the conviction of most pacifists that there is a Biblical basis for pacifism, yet there is not contained in the New Testament one positive prohibition to Christians concerning war *per se*. The curious thing is that when most pacifists are called upon to substantiate their faith they putter around with proof texts, purporting to show how Jesus cleansed the temple nonviolently or what pacifist endeavor He was urging upon His disciples in His command to go and buy swords. It has been my hobby to demonstrate that there is not a single utterance or incident in the life of Jesus which, when properly interpreted, mars this pacifist witness of the Master. However, one ought to be ashamed to spend so much time with concerns which leave untouched the fundamental questions.

(1) Is God working in our world according to the pacifist pattern? Has this been His *modus operandi* in the past? What of the future?

(2) If God has been working by the pacifist pattern has His endeavor been successful?

(3) If God has not been working by the pacifist pattern why has He not? Does He use a better plan of action? If He has no better way, is He exempt because of superior spiritual position from employing the way of life which Christ enjoined upon His disciples?

(4) Does the pacifist way of life have a solid foundation theologically, Biblically, spiritually?

* A paper used in many civilian public service camps as the basis for discussion on the theological implications of pacifism.

I

In the broadest terms, there are two prevailing concepts of the nature of God in the Bible and they do not harmonize. These two are: (1) The Old Testament concept of God's nature as autocratic and (2) the New Testament concept of God's nature as love.

In the Old Testament God is depicted as being primarily and pre-eminently an autocrat. He had control over the physical and material worlds as well as a solitary unapproachableness in the spiritual realm. He was a being of might, power, omnipotence. Virtually every Old Testament writer pictures God in the role of a king. Further, God is depicted as being a God of wrath. Almost without exception the Old Testament writers add the habiliments of the irate despot whose anger flares at the disobedience of his subjects, whose terror and austerity are known and feared by all men.

The Old Testament writers emphasized that *the sovereignty of God was made effective through the scourge of war*. Thus war received its status as a divine institution. War was held to be the means by which God expressed His authority in inflicting punishment upon wayward nations and peoples.

(1) Amos, one of the most socially minded of the prophets, pictures Jehovah as avenging many sorts of social evils by the scourge of war. The Lord roars from Zion because of the transgressions of the inhabitants of Damascus, and of Edom, and of Ammon. The punishment decreed upon them is that the fire of war shall devour the palace of Damascus and Edom and the day of battle shall fall upon the Amorite as the day of the whirlwind (Amos 1:3, 11, 13).

(2) Samuel completed God's purposes where Saul failed to carry out the divine command and climaxed the battle with the Amalekites. "Bring hither to me Agag the king of the Amalekites. And Agag came unto him delicately. And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past. And Samuel said, As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women. And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal" (1 Samuel 15:32-33).

(3) David, if he wrote the many psalms credited to him, gives vent to the primitive hatreds represented in much of the pagan literature of his time. Psalms 10, 17, 28, 35, 55, and others have been interpreted as prayers for justice—which is precisely what an imprecation was to the ancients—yet these psalms also voice such bigotry and hatred as admittedly represent a different religious concept from that in the Sermon on the Mount.

(4) In 1 Kings 11:15ff. there is recorded the account of David's sending of Joab to liquidate completely the male population of Edom. "For when David was in Edom, also when Joab, the commander of the army went up to bury the slain, he slew every male in Edom for Joab and all Israel remained there six months until he had cut off every male in Edom."*

The Old Testament picture of the nature of God was autocratic. Stated in its harshest terms, the Old Testament pictures God as a terror, an autocrat who "comes to his glory as a despot through the gushing blood of a trampled world." Stated in the most moderate terms, the Old Testament concept of God is built upon the monar-

* The American Translation, by J. W. P. Smith and Edgar J. Goodspeed. By permission of the University of Chicago Press.

chical pattern of life in which God is held to be an austere moral governor who rules the universe justly, but with an iron hand which is at times violent and at other times angry. It is a picture of God working in the world violently.

Is God like that? Or, is it that they had not found in that early day adequate ways to show the true nature of God?

II

We have said that the New Testament pictures the nature of God as love. In the New Testament we have the added insight into the nature of God through the coming of Jesus Christ. It is an insight which carries us into an entirely different spiritual climate and concept. (The God of the Old Testament preferred to dwell in thick darkness, so says the Solomonic dedication of the temple, as indeed He did in the dark cubicle, Holy of Holies, whereas in the New Testament He is "the Father of Lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.") Many aspects of the nature of God which were stressed in the Old Testament are not mentioned in the New Testament and many aspects of His nature which are central in the New Testament are not emphasized in the Old Testament. One element stands out in bold relief above all other mention of God in the New Testament. He is love. It is not the picture of a king, petulantly extending or withholding the scepter of admission to his courts. It is not the picture of a cold, harsh, austere, far-off God. It is the picture of a God whose loving concern is like that of the shepherd out hunting his lost sheep "until he find it." It is the picture of a father running to meet a wayward son—an unheard-of thing in the Jewish family

when the son had turned his back on home. The law permitted his death at sight! It is a picture of a God, who, having food, sets out to find the hungry. It is the picture of God seen in the face of Jesus Christ. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Jesus taught His disciples to pray to God as Father. Note the mixed metaphor which begins the Lord's Prayer! "Our Father . . . thy kingdom come." Parallelism would seem to demand either (1) "Our king . . . thy kingdom come," or (2) "Our Father . . . thy home come." Not so! The Father's realm is a kingdom, but it is a kingdom in which God exercises love, not sovereignty. It is significant that Jesus so often used the word *Father* when speaking of and to God. Only seven times in the Old Testament is the word *father* applied to God—five being as father of the nation and two of the individual relationship. In the New Testament one hundred sixty-eight times is God spoken of as Father. In ninety-two of these Jesus so speaks. It was His favorite name for God. This fact is all the more remarkable when contrasted with the observation that not once did Jesus apply the time-honored *almighty* to God. Moffatt declares that only once did Paul use the adjective *almighty* and then in a quotation from the Old Testament.

One day before the Civil War, Henry Ward Beecher was troubled with the thoughts of what God was like. He walked out into the environs of Indianapolis pondering the matter. He knew that the God who loved him could not be the God of wrath of the Old Testament. He saved his ministry that day when there came to him the flashing discovery "that he did not need to believe anything about God that Jesus Christ had not taught and shown

and that he could believe and preach everything about God which Christ had revealed." He never deviated from that insight. In fact, men who criticized Beecher said the trouble with him was that he preached the love of God too much, that there was not enough of the harsh austerity of the Eternal Being in his message.

Here is the truth in a little creed
Enough for all the roads we go.
In love is all the law we need,
In Christ is all the God we know.

III

God is not many of the things which orthodox Christianity has pictured Him as being. He is not, for example, sheer might. If He were, there are some things He would tear into and do at once in our world. He would blast all kinds of Hitlers off the map with the ruthlessness with which the Egyptians were swallowed in the Red Sea. He would smash through our social snobberies and economic inequalities as decisively as when He hurled the rain and the hail and the sharp spike and the clever woman against Sisera and all his hosts. He would even heed the plea of the Negro preacher:

Oh, look at black-hearted Judas—
Sneaking through the dark of the Garden—
Leading his crucifying mob.
Oh, God!
Strike him down!
Why don't you strike him down,
Before he plants his traitor's kiss
Upon my Jesus' cheek?*

God is love—that is what He is. He is love, love alone. That is all He is and it is the sum total of His power.

* From "The Crucifixion" in *God's Trombones*, by James Weldon Johnson.
By permission of the Viking Press.

Any list of the attributes of God must, therefore, begin with that word *love* and any quality of spirit ascribed to God which will not harmonize with love must be eliminated. I hold that anything which contradicts this fundamental premise about God not only comes short of depicting what God is like, but so distorts the picture as to give a wholly false concept of God. Oscar Wilde, declaring the misery of a single London lane enough to cause men to disbelieve in the goodness of God, predicated his assertion upon the omnipotence of God. He wanted to believe that God was both almighty and all-loving. When the horns of the dilemma were too sharp to hold both he gave up the love of God because he was so steeped in the belief of a physically powerful God. God is love and anything we say about Him which does not harmonize with that basic truth must be cast out. The implications of this assertion are many. To approach these implications positively we shall state our *credo* of God's true nature.

IV

1. I believe that the universe had its genesis in the mind of God. The creative genius by which the world came into being was the power of God. Everything in the universe has its source and being in God. Therefore, God is the only and true sovereign of all life. No other loyalty may transcend our faithfulness to Him. No divergent faith may countermand our duty to Him. Against His sovereignty all claims to absolute national sovereignty must ultimately fall into discard. Our obligation to Him is beyond nation, race, or self. I believe that the sovereignty of God is made manifest in love, which is the highest law. God does not exercise his sovereignty in any

capricious use of power or bursts of vengeful wrath, as many unhappy Old Testament passages would lead us to believe. God's sovereign power is made known through love. This I believe to be the witness of the New Testament as revealed in its grandest messenger, who came to show us the Father.

2. I believe that God created the world according to laws which He ordained "in the beginning." None of these laws has ever been set aside since that time. They will never be changed. By these laws the world and all that is in it came into being. Not one of them was set aside to speed creation as a carpentering process to be done in six days. The earth may have been "without form and void and darkness upon the face of the deep" for fifty million years before the elements began their blind struggle against each other to determine the shape and nature of the universe. God did not intervene. He waited another million years or so. The wild earth became inhabited—with dinosaurs! As formerly in the natural world, so now in the physical world the principle of self-abnegation clashed with the principle of self-assertion. The dinosaurs made way for other things. The earth was then teeming and alive. Forces were struggling against forces, brutes against brutes, the elements against animals and the animals against man. Still no intervention from God. Everything was going "according to plan." Nature, which seemed to be "red in tooth and claw," has in these later years been observed to be so ordered that in the natural and physical realms the meek inherited the earth. God watched and waited. He waited—not passively, but pacifistically—for as He waited He wooed the good from the bad, the truth from the false-

hood, the beautiful from the ugly. Because His laws were sure and He ceaselessly watched over His creation with brooding love that which was high and good began to come to the top in the natural world and in the physical realm as conscience began to dawn in the mind of man.

3. I believe that this task is not yet finished. The same laws are still operating. God is still waiting. The universe is not yet all it can be. The struggle still goes on. Yet God does not intervene. "Will the insect overcome man in a thousand years?" asks our termite-eradicator salesman ominously. The research doctor declares that microbes are mightier than men. The modern Burbank picks pears from apple trees and his collaborator makes five grains of corn grow where one grew before. Orchids demand six years for maturity and Shasta daisies six inches of earth, yet both have been made commonplace through new knowledge of the earth and the sun and the laws of God. A Madame Curie, with infinitely painstaking care, brings to light a little bit of discoloration called radium. The days of the Black Plague passed without it. Scourges and epidemics of all sorts decimated the peoples of the earth. Had this little woman lived sooner they might have been saved. Think how God must have wanted to shout, "In pitchblend you'll find radium. Run to it and save yourselves." He did not intervene. Radium is but the ninety-second element. Only God knows how many hundreds more are hidden away in the earth yet to be made known and to save life. Still God waits. The earth moves on. Man moves upward.

4. I believe that God made man by these same laws and that man was never any better than he is now. That Adam "fell" in some ancient Garden of Eden and that

his fall condemned multitudes of people for all milleniums to rebellion against God seems to me fantastic. I believe that the primitive writer who penned Adam's disgrace had apprehended a deeper truth about life than many who since have read his words. He discovered that there is a vast gulf between what a man is and what he can be if he permits his life to become an unfettered channel through which the laws of God can operate. Augustine, dead set on preserving God as an imperialist—though he lose everything else about Him—wrote big the fall of man as an excuse for God's failure to control the whole world. He protected his cherished idea about the absolute power of God by the devices of total depravity and original sin. He laid the foundation for that final spiritual imperialism called predestination. I believe that God made man by the same laws ordained in the beginning and that within the universe forces are struggling fiercely, blindly, to lay hold of man. But God does not intervene. He waits. All is "according to plan." His laws are operating. The satanic actualities in man are no match for the divine possibilities. All of us are potential Christs, not in the pigmy sense of rising in our own power to Christ's stature, but in the grand sense of opening the life so that God in Christ can possess the whole person. Paul spoke about this transfer of the spiritual personality when he wrote: "I live, yet not I, it is Christ that liveth in me." God made us to be with Him and the task will not be ended until the goal is accomplished.

5. I believe that God has never done anything in the universe or in man except by the way of love. Such is His only method of doing anything now. The future

will not bring any change in this method, which has been in operation since "in the beginning." God will not use coercion. Gangster tactics are out. The earth will not conveniently open up and swallow the mikado. Lightning will not breach the Berchtesgaden seclusion to stab Hitler in the heart. The symbol of God's nature is not the hammer, but the magnet. Through all the millenniums He has been waiting and loving. During the ordeal of Calvary . . . on the hideous battlefields of war . . . at suffering's sad door . . . always He waits, but because He also loves He draws from all these foul disasters the best that can come from them for the good of man.

Occasionally brutal crimes pay unbelievable dividends for good. A cross becomes a crown! A death becomes a destiny! It is the method of the cross. Calvary is the high-water mark of the evil that could be amassed against the love of God. Still God waited. He did not intervene. He did not sway Judas or sway Pilate. Everything was "according to plan." God's laws are sure. Calvary did not upset them—it proved them! The crucifixion is not only a point in time—it is the supreme example we have of the abiding method of God in dealing with men. As long as there is evil in the world this kind of patient, enduring love will go on stooping to conquer, yielding to prevail. It is God's abiding attitude toward mankind. In his play, *The Emperor Julian*, Ibsen makes Julian the Apostate say:

Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since that happened at Golgotha? I dreamed of Him lately. I dreamed that I had subdued the whole world. I ordained that the memory of the Galilean should be rooted out on earth; and it was rooted out. Then the spirits came and ministered to me, and bound wings on

my shoulders, and I soared aloft into infinite space, till my feet rested on another world. It was another world than mine. Its curve was vaster, its light more golden, and many moons circled around it. Then I looked down at my own earth—the emperor's earth that I had made Galileanless—and I thought that all I had done was very good. But, behold, there came a procession by me on the strange earth where I stood. There were soldiers and judges and executioners at the head of it, and weeping women followed. And, lo, in the midst of the slow-moving array was the Galilean, alive and bearing a cross on His back. Then I called to Him and said, "Whither away, Galilean?" And He turned His face to me and smiled, nodded slowly and said, "To the place of the skull." Where is He now? What if that at Golgotha, near Jerusalem, was but a wayside matter, a thing done as it were in passing! What if He goes on and on, and suffers and dies and conquers, again and again, from world to world!*

I believe that what Christ suffered on Calvary God has always been suffering. I believe that until evil is everywhere rooted out God will continue to wait and love, will woo and win man upward, at last, unto Himself.

And in the fellowship of the friendship of Christ
God is seen as the very self-essence of love,
Creator and mover of all as active Lover of all.

Someday—none has the perspective to suggest how many millenniums it may be—all creation will become all that God planned for it to be "in the beginning." That will be "the kingdom," "the new Jerusalem," "eternal life," "heaven," or whatever one desires to call it. "God is love."

* From *The Emperor Julian*, Act II, Scene 2, by Henrik Ibsen. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

PART III

A PLEA FOR UNDERSTANDING

Lord, in this hour of tumult,
Lord, in this night of fears;
Keep open, O keep open,
My eyes, my heart, my ears.

Not blindly, not in hatred,
Lord, let me do my part,
Keep open, O keep open, dear Lord,
My eyes, my mind, my heart. Amen.*

—Hermann Hagedorn

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Popularity Under Suspicion

Woe to you, when all men speak well of you, for so their fathers did to the false prophets (Luke 6:26).

A paradox is an assertion opposed to common sense. The life principles which Jesus taught were often expressed in paradoxes which were so contrary to the normal and accepted patterns of living that the very statement of those principles repelled many minds.

In Luke's sixth chapter are recorded the four blessings and the four warnings concerning life which Jesus spoke to his disciples and to all of us. They seem a strange twisting of good and ill.

Blessed are you poor

Blessed are you that hunger now

Blessed are you that weep now

Blessed are you when men hate you

What strange words are these which sound like nonsense? These are the things which betoken anguish for us, yet Jesus tells us to be happy when they come our way. Incredible also is His warning against the opposite.

Woe to you that are rich now

Woe to you that are full now

Woe to you that laugh now

Woe to you, when all men speak well of you

What juxtaposition of virtues is this? Jesus warns us against everything in which we place confidence—riches, food, laughter, and approval of our fellows. He alleges that happiness comes from those things which from time immemorial seem to have brought us anguish—poverty, hunger, sorrow, alienation.

I

None of these propositions is more difficult to accept than the paradox on which Jesus placed greatest emphasis: "Woe to you, when all men speak well of you." That just does not make sense. Our way of life has taught us to believe that "such popularity must be deserved." The clothing fashions of a generation ago were sold under the slogan: "Fifty million Frenchmen cannot be wrong." Democratic nation though we are, we have not always escaped the impact of the Latin proverb, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*" (the voice of the people is the voice of God). We have been brought up on a philosophy of life which places unanimous approval of what one says and does at the apex of human achievement. Then comes this Jesus saying, "Woe to you, when all men speak well of you."

In these words Jesus is not placing a ban on the legitimate approval of us by our fellows. Nor is he saying that to have too many friends or to be too successful in business is sinful. But Jesus is pointing out that universal praise of us and of what we do may be no measure at all of the kind of persons we are. Jesus is not condemning a life which evokes legitimate praise. There is a manner of living, the worth of which men cannot deny. His is the way of life which some day shall evoke universal approval. It is our faith that the kingdom shall come, that men shall live as brothers, that wars shall cease, that love and mercy and the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Such a day is not yet here. It is far in the future. There is too much in Christianity which is demanding, exacting, and austere to admit instantaneous, wholehearted, and unanimous approval.

Jesus is saying that such popularity may not only be

not deserved, but it is to be suspected; that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong; that *vox populi* is not necessarily *vox Dei*. "Woe to you, when all men speak well of you."

II

For that reason is Jesus telling us to be on the "alert" in receiving the full approbation of our fellows? Why is He warning us against the situations in which our friends express their unanimous approval of us? Why is He telling us to watch out when all men speak well of us?

1. All men may speak well of us because they are ignorant about us. Not knowing us, and what we believe, and what we do or would do if we could, they take the easy way out and say all manner of nice things about us. They are sure that their pleasant generalities will not offend. They make no attempt to analyze our faith; they simply give it their blanket approval. They know not our works but they gladly endorse them wholeheartedly. They assume that so long as they sing our praises they are dealing with a subject as "safe" as the weather. They may be as ignorant of us as the new minister of the lately deceased town gambler whose friends contributed such a delightful funeral eulogy that "last rites" became last wrongs.

2. All men may speak well of us because they are trying to get something out of us. It is a most mild form of blackmail in which they are indulging. Their nice words are simply flattery. They want something from us; so they "soft-soap" us accordingly. They will not debate the issue no matter how fiercely they believe it. They will admit that you are right though they go

to the death believing you are wrong. They keep off controversial subjects. They plan always to stroke your fur the right way. They have memorized the rules about winning friends and influencing people. They are extending that acquired courtesy which is designed to extract, to deceive, to win approval. Their good words are but a polished hard veneer of kindness.

A man nowhere more entertainingly discovers this truth than when he accompanies his wife on a shopping expedition. It is not that your wife is any more susceptible to flattery than you are—truth is, probably less—it is just that a third person sees the blind spot which often escapes a second person, as any worker of tricks knows. You cannot believe what you see and hear. “That dress makes you look so interesting.” “That hat is terrific. You were born to wear that creation.” It is wonderful how approving they are. Everything looks good—until you catch the salesgirl’s snicker on the rebound. Then you wake up to the realization that flattery is a primary adjunct of modern salesmanship. Modern advertising has sold us on that point. Commercial artists, whether they be of pen or voice, and public-relations officials are deemed worth a double premium. All men may speak well of us because they are trying to get something out of us. We lap up their approval and like it. We are first-class dupes. We are consistent suckers. The hook has been baited worthy of the catch!

When that matter-of-fact man, Nathanael, who asked, “Can any good come out of Nazareth?” came face to face with Jesus, the Nazarene said of him: “Behold, an Israelite in whom there is no guile.” No guile! In the original language the root of the word means fish-

hook! After many dealings with the Pharisees it was a refreshing experience for Jesus to talk with a man in whose speech there were not fishhooks hidden to catch the innocent and unsuspecting.

3. All men may speak well of us because we try to be all things to all men. It may be that the unanimity of our approval among men is the measure of our compromises. All men may speak well of us because we have mastered the maxim, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." Don't be so foolish as to act like Greeks in Rome. When you cross the Rubicon know that you are in a different world and adjust your conduct accordingly. And if your Rubicon be the Fox River do not cross over it and enter the city without first determining if that which is practiced on the west shore will also be acceptable on the east bank of the river.

It may be that we are people of double and triple and quadruple personalities. It may be that we are like that lizard, the chameleon, whose skin changes color to harmonize with its mood and its environment. It may be that we parody the ancient actors whose art was achieved in terms of the speed with which they changed their *persona*, their masks. The unanimous approval men give to us may be a tribute to the grace, ease, and speed with which we shift our attitudes, alter our purposes and change our conduct patterns.

In this day when the voices of so many men are hushed through fear and cowardice one is caused to remember that John Milton was a virtual outcast in his day because his words were deemed too harsh for the generation in which he lived. But in the tragic and crucial years which followed in English history great men looked back and

felt that unbudging courage like that of John Milton was all that would save the day. One of them, William Wordsworth, cried out, "Milton, Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour. England hath need of thee." There are some men who are too straightforward, too firm, too honest for these vacillating times in which we live. At the sound of their words men throw the dust up into the air and at the sight of them the masses beg leave to drag their bodies beyond the city gates.

4. All men may speak well of us because we are evading our responsibility. We may not be coming to grips with the problems facing us.irate spectators do not throw pop bottles at the pitcher who is always in the bull pen and never takes the mound! A community fund secretary once said that during the depression the social worker had to take it on the chin every day. Editors, commentators, and thoughtfully disturbed people, who did not themselves profess to have the answers to meet the problem, hurled their barbs at the social workers who were in there doing the best they knew. Good times came. Then those who sought to adjust life to an expanding economy began to bear the brunt of the attack. They were damned with a single word, *communist!* Then the war came. Men in positions of responsibility in national and community life—members of draft boards, earnest, misunderstood "O.P.A.-ites," those who struggled to defend the rights of conscience and personal freedom—discovered that they were in a most withering cross fire of opposition and criticism. Said he, "The man who is doing the job which is crying out to be done soon discovers that all men do not speak well of him."

The sign of a man's inertness may be that nobody is

"agin' him." Mr. Milchtoast may flubdub around with petty annoyances and the people will smile at his half-hearted attempts to meet petty life situations—but smile is all they will do! Let a man once really take hold of the besetting problems of racial injustice, of social snobbery, of economic inequality and there will be multitudes who will rise up to call him blessed, but—alas—there will also be multitudes who will profane every word which he utters and pervert every deed which he does.

Let a man espouse, for example, the invigorating program of the Church of the Brethren within the great sweep of united Christendom. Let him seek to bring the distinctive contributions of the Brethren to men of all faiths and let him in turn seek to funnel back into our heritage those fine high faiths which others have possessed and we have not. Let a man do that and discover how many men will be at his throat before sunrise tomorrow. Our inertia may be the measure of our being well spoken of.

"Woe to you, when all men speak well of you." It shows you up. It reveals what a compromising, two-timing, duty-dodging person you are. It indicates that you are willing to play both ends against the middle, willing to rob Peter to pay Paul, willing to talk out of both sides of the mouth.

III

Many times none of these four things are true. People may know us well. They may not be trying to get anything out of us. We may not have compromised at every turn of the road. We may not have shirked our duty as we saw it. Even so, all men may speak well of us. What then? Something subtle and pernicious has taken place. The evils and imperfections which are a part of our lives

have filtered down through our lives and out into the life of the community and have become so much a part of the corporate life that the low, mean, and poor in all of us has become the common denominator by which we take the measure of man.

I have a personal prejudice about women smoking. I just do not like it. Nor did my father before me. To him, smoking was the equivalent of alcoholic excess. Nor did his father. To him, a woman who smoked partook of the shame of a "fallen" woman. The variance of our dislike of the habit is to be found primarily in the changed social situation. Today so many women smoke that we pay little attention to it. It has become accepted.

Some time past I read about the first time—many years ago now—that a woman was present at a boxing match. The fact was heralded far and wide. It was a piece of propaganda by which the promoters sought to remove the reproach of vulgarity which was attached to boxing. And a successful bit of work it was for—though editors read the lady out of the fair sex and blue noses sniffed as they had never sniffed before and preachers railed against the deed with texts from Genesis to Revelation—the passing years have so established her position by the ringside that scarce is there a boxing match but that she is everywhere present. Society accepted her presence.

In fair weather we make our solemn vow that come what may we will not again participate in this awful business called war. Twenty thousand Dunkards sign on the dotted line. We are not just twenty thousand. The thing sweeps the nation and the world. Secretary of State Kellogg signs eighty-two covenants for these United States under the momentum of this faith. Men say to each other

that it can never happen again. We go on our way rejoicing. We hike our tariff walls. We draw tighter our immigration strings. We become engrossed in the fight to get ahead and it is a hard one. The lean years come. It is "root, hog, or die." We climb up over the prostrate bodies of others in the feverish grasp to save our possessions. We throw all caution to the winds. Our selfishness reaches a new high. We are so busy at our death struggle with success that we do not feel the pulse beating faster. We fail to sense that the greeds which have motivated us have passed over into the life of the nation and of the world. The fevered heat of the world bursts into flames before we know what has happened. To our world comes such a day of visitation as defies imagination. In all the land there is not one voice brave enough or strong enough to stem the tide. There are only a few who try. Where are the twenty thousand? Where are the eighty-two covenants of goodwill bearing the great seal of these United States? The whole world has gone after this madness of war with a vengeance that mashes all of us beneath it. He who would resist its impact, who would turn aside from its guns or its bonds for reasons of conscience, finds himself in a strange world where a man's foes be they of his own household.

Only those who have done it know at what awful cost a man rises up and declares that he is not part of the group in this deed. Often not even a few speak well of such a man. He must go his way alone. But let him have renewed faith and courage. Jesus emphatically says that public opinion is not the legitimate test of human conduct; that because everybody says it is so does not make it so; that such popularity as is showered upon those of

whom all men speak well is not deserved—it is indeed to be suspected; that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong; that the voice of the people is not necessarily the voice of God. History will pay, we believe, the tribute which was intended for those who participated in war to those who objected:

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
 Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
 And trust that out of night and death shall rise
 The dawn of ampler life;
 Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
 That God has given you for a priceless dower,
 To live in these great times and have your part
 In Freedom's crowning hour;
 That you may tell your sons who see the light
 High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
 I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
 I saw the morning break.

In the twelfth chapter of Hebrews our life struggle is pictured as the race track in the center of a great amphitheater. On all sides are the spectators, as row rises upon row, tier upon tier, gallery upon gallery until the witnesses whose eyes are upon us seem as the clouds which merge into the innumerable stars of the Milky Way. "A great cloud of witnesses," says the reporter. But above and beyond those witnesses is Another, whose eye is also intent upon the race of life. All these who watch are appraising our efforts, but He who is above them all makes the final and valid estimate of the life which we live.

Like Verdi, when at his worst opera's end
 The mad houseful's plaudits near outbang his orchestra,
 He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths
 Where sits Rossini silent in his stall . . .
 One wise man's verdict outweighs all the fools.

Open Minds and Hearts

*Till he said that, they had listened to him (Acts 22:22).**

Radio broadcasting has taught us to determine arbitrarily what we shall hear and what we shall not hear. Many a listener either bored with a program or positively disliking it merely flips the dial to another station. Such procedure is indeed a balm in Gilead when recorded commercials must be escaped, but when it becomes a mental attitude for meeting life's difficulties and differences it is a thwarting technique by which to live.

I

The preacher took His text that morning in the familiar words of an Old Testament prophet:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
because he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor.

He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives
and recovering of sight to the blind,
to set at liberty those who are oppressed,
to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

It was a proper way to begin a sermon. His elders rejoiced that the young man possessed the wisdom to begin His home-town ministry so acceptably by referring to the ancient fathers. His exposition of the passage continued so graciously that it seemed impossible He could be speaking to them—this lad of their own community. "Is not this Joseph's son?" they asked.

At this point it became necessary to allow common

* From The Bible: A New Translation, by James Moffatt. Used by permission of Harper and Bros.

sense and scientific fact to illustrate the sermon further. Graciously He continued, "Doubtless you will quote me this proverb, 'Physician, heal yourself; what we have heard that you did at Capernaum, do here also in your own country.'" But I tell you that life is not that way. "'Truly, I say to you, no prophet is acceptable in his own country.'" You know how true that is. In the days of old when the people suffered three years and six months for want of food Elijah came to none save the widow who lived up in Sarepta, a city of Sidon. And of the many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha, none were cleansed save Naaman the Syrian. Point well taken? Not so!

The Nazarenes were viciously proud of their religious superiority. This pride was not shared by others. Witness the Biblical taunt, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Jesus had put His finger on the aching tooth of the sore religious problem. It mattered not that He had spoken of historical facts well attested and known to them. Things like that should not be uttered, true or not. However accurate His statement, He had gone too far. It was bad enough for Him to do His good deeds up in Capernaum—the jumping-off place by the Sea of Galilee, where the country folk lived, a hick town—but it was much worse to imply that pagan foreigners were as good as Nazarenes. That was too much. The woman of Sarepta . . . that tyrant, Naaman, who ruled over them in the days of subjugation . . . these people as good as they! It was too much for righteous people to stomach. They rode Him out of the city on the rail and would have pitched Him over the cliff to certain death but He managed to move through them and go on His way . . . to Capernaum . . . and to Calvary.

Paul, after much journeying and persecution, came to Jerusalem to report to James and the elders on his ministry. The Jews who had plagued him throughout Asia stirred up the people against him in Jerusalem. The mob threw him out of the temple and were about to kill him when the law intervened to save him. Demanding the prerogatives of his Roman citizenship he asked to speak to the people. The crowd was stilled. A great quiet pervaded the multitude as Paul began to speak to them in the Hebrew tongue. His classic defense is well known. "‘. . . I am a Jew, born at Tarsus in Cilicia, but brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. [They liked his genuine Hebrew tongue. He was a real Jew.] I went to Damascus,’" he continued, "‘to apprehend those who followed Jesus. As I made my journey suddenly there shone from heaven a great light.’ [Any life story contains all the fascination of fiction. Jack London said, "Knock at any man's door and if he opens it you will find a story."]

The light from heaven blinded my eyes. Friends brought me to the city. There in the darkness my soul saw new light. I was to preach the gospel. In my soul there was self-condemnation for the past, hesitance toward the future. I said to the Lord, "They themselves know that in every synagogue I imprisoned and beat those who believed in thee." They know that I watched glassy eyed as Stephen was stoned, even holding the coats of the murderers. I cannot do it! I cannot! But the vision would not be downed. With deliberate speed and majestic instance it pursued me. . . . I could dodge his will no longer. Finally he said to me, 'Depart; for I will send you far away to the Gentiles. . . .'

"Till he said that, they listened to him. But at that

they shouted, 'Away with such a creature from the earth. He is not fit to live!' " They threw their clothes into the air. They flung dust about. (We call it mud slinging!) The mob surged so violently that the Roman commander ordered Paul to prison and demanded under the lash why the people were so enraged at his words.

To answer that question was probably the easiest speaking assignment Paul ever had. What had inflamed those arch-Jews? It was the word *Gentiles*. He was claiming that God had sent him to preach to the Gentiles. They knew that all over Asia he had been baptizing Gentile converts and permitting pagan foreigners to desecrate the temple of God. They had a right to become angry. "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

II

The truth we seek in this text is well afoot in these two stories from the Scriptures. They will hear Jesus or Paul or others with interest and fascination until *that* is said which they will not hear. They will follow the truth graciously outlined and fully illustrated and stay right with you until you say *that*—whatever it be which they determine not to hear. When you say *that*, bang goes the door to the mind, shut is the opening to the heart, flipped is the radio dial to some other station. "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

1. You may analyze the social and economic evils eloquently and the multitudes will assent to your diagnosis. They know, as do we all, that what makes for economic prosperity and social satisfaction for one makes it for all. They will listen to you intently. They are with you. Then you proceed to utter the word of prescription to remedy these evils. You commend the Tennessee Valley

Authority because it serves all the needs of all the people in a given area rather than merely supplying electricity for all and dividends for a few. You declare the value, not only economically but also psychologically, of a system of social security guaranteeing benefits to all in their old age. You march in a picket line in a cause you feel to be right, remembering that

Then will he come with meekness for his glory,
God in a workman's jacket as before,
Living again the eternal gospel story
Sweeping the shavings from his workshop floor.*

Or you suggest to the union local meeting that management has a case, is not of evil intent, can be trusted. When you say *that*, bang goes the door to the mind, shut the opening of the heart, flipped is the radio dial to some other station. "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

2. You attempt to help people look with creative vision into a world organized on a higher principle than violence. You point out man's earth-bourne cry for peace—permanent and just—and share the mutual fear that men everywhere are possessed of, the fear that we now have in our hands forces too powerful to be turned loose in destruction again. They will listen intently. They are with you. Then you begin to outline a program to lead the way to that future. You ask that we recognize that we, too, had war guilt, that Pearl Harbor was two-way traffic, not one-way; that truth is universal and our fleetingly secret knowledge of atomic fission should be shared before it is pried from other natural sources and hurled back at us; that armaments should be limited and finally eliminated; that

* From *When Through the Whirl of Wheels*, by G. A. Studdert-Kennedy. By permission of Industrial Christian Fellowship.

our abundance of food must be shared immediately with the starving peoples of the earth; that we must accept some limited sovereignty as a nation in order that a world sovereignty might come into being. When you say *that*, bang goes the door to the mind, shut the opening to the heart, flipped is the radio dial to some other station! "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

3. You search the Scriptures for those truths long since verified in the lives of that spiritually sensitive, yet clan-nish, little family known historically as the Hebrews. You speak of these truths in love to men and women who likewise search for life's meaning in a universe not inappropriately termed a riddle. They listen with interest. They are with you. Then you go on to point out that the greater truths which this word contains are not in the mere words but in something deeper than the words. You tell men that they must not treat the words of Jesus as He protested concerning their usage of the words of Moses—a lifeless letter which kills. You tell them that the story of the dawning of the consciousness of evil in the race is something vastly more than merely the biting out of a chunk of apple. You urge them to find the truth freshly in new translations—such as the Revised Standard Version, now being made available to the public. You ask that they be free from suspicion that this translation, with others, is a counterfeit revelation. You declare the necessity that they accept truth from many sources and that God has yet more light to reveal to those who have hearts and minds open for His revelation. When you say *that*, bang goes the door to the mind, shut the opening to the heart, flipped is the radio dial to another station. "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

4. You point out how unchristian it is that we should still have our iniquitous policy of white domination and colored servitude in free America. All are with you when you say that our nation is founded upon constitutional guarantees of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness since all men are created equal. You declare that our creaturehood itself is a gift from God, to whom skin color is inconsequential and who sent His Son to bring the fullness of life to all men of every race or color. You observe that indeed we ask for this consummation every time we pray, "Our Father . . . thy kingdom come." Then you mention the specifics necessary for the attainment of this grand but general goal. You declare that travel and hotel accommodations north and south must be made available to colored people in the same manner as to white, first come, first served; that homesites must not be herded from colored or Nisei or Jewish by restrictive covenants; that Jim Crowism must go everywhere—in the army, in cities, in the south, out west, and right here. You express your joy that the Supreme Court decision demanded the elimination of poll-tax restrictions and you heap denunciation upon the states, which, like South Carolina, have found it in their power to circumvent the law and deny legal rights to bona fide citizens merely because they are of dark skin. You throw your support solidly behind the Fair Employment Practices Committee in the belief that simple justice, much less the Christian principle, demands a fair employment opportunity for all. When you say *that*, bang goes the door to the mind, shut the opening to the heart, flipped is the radio dial to some other station. "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

III

It is easy to point out how others shut up their minds like clams, but it is most necessary for each of us to discover where this intellectual and emotional hardening of the arteries overtakes us. Where is it that we stop listening when others speak? At the mention of what words do the doors of our minds slam shut? What are our pet hates? To what ideas are we most continually adverse? For what experiences in life have we eyes, but see not, ears yet hear not, a heart yet without understanding? At those points where we cut the current at the mere mention of an idea, those words on which our minds' doors go bang, those truths from which we flip the radio dial to another station—these, I dare say, are the most crucial and fatal areas of our lives. We are blindest, deafest, hardest of heart at those spots where we will not let the light come through.

1. For one thing, such an attitude keeps us ignorant at the very place we need to know most in order to judge truly and wisely. Take, for example, the man who all his life has been opposed to organized labor. To him there is not one good thing in the whole movement. He has viewed it as a threat to free enterprise and the determination of labor to have its finger in the pie of management. What chance has he in an inflated economy like this to judge wisely so that all men will have a fair chance to work and live and eat? Or, take that man who sees blue in the face when the words *capitalist* and *competition* are used. He has no good for the old order which has imposed long hours of hard labor at poor pay. He knows that management and money are inhuman and unchristian to the core. What chance has he to join hands

with his employer in the struggle of the democratic ideal with the totalitarian ideology? Also, consider the man who thinks that all Japanese people are yellow-bellied cowards, greasy, double-dealing, two-faced. He will not hear one good word about them, not even of the growing GI appreciation for this Oriental people who have until so recently been our enemy. What chance has he to cast a helpful vote for an Asiatic policy which will issue in peace rather than in war?

"Our opinions," wrote Renan, "become fixed at the point where we stop thinking."

2. Such a shutting off of hearts and minds from any light or truth save that which accords with our point of view makes us self-contained, critical, arbitrary, dogmatic. Most people are down on what they are not up on. This parable is confirmed every day in the experience of a pastor. There are as many ideas as there are people about every project in the church. You have your idea and another has his and I have mine. So long as the channels of communication among the differing ideas are kept open—and there is two-way traffic on them—the conflicting ideas are good. But once those channels go shut and the doors to mind and heart are closed, the result is tragic. Ignorance gives way to misunderstanding, then misunderstanding begets recrimination.

We become arbitrary and dogmatic, provincial and narrow unwittingly. These attitudes possess us before we are aware of it. Someone has said that we die as we are born—unconscious of what is happening in us. We know that civilizations are that way. So also the imperceptible changes in the mind of man. It is easy to get dogmatic when the door of the mind is banged shut

through prejudice. Our "pet hates" keep the heart their prisoner.

3. Worse still, the ignorance which has become dogmatism may turn to wrath. It happened almost constantly thus in the experience of those who opposed Jesus. They would not listen to Him when He deflated their supposed religious supremacy. But shutting one's ears is no terminal point. Not only did they slam the doors of their minds on Him; they tried to throw Him over the brow of the hill. Many times the New Testament account tells us that His words were greeted not alone with hardness of heart, but with wrath—"the rushing tides of anger!" When the mob slammed shut the door of the mind on Paul they had merely touched off the explosive ignorance which was to find its culmination in their throwing their clothes into the air, dust into the face of Paul and stones upon his body. "Away with such a creature from the earth. He is not fit to live." They had become—to use the picturesque and accurate expression—"blind with rage." White rats, which the doctors kept angry for an extended period of time for experimental purposes, are said to have grown opaque films over their eyes. Dante has said, "The wrathful travel in a cloud."

Hear now the plea I make. Guard as you would guard against a plague those areas of thought and experience where you will not listen; from which you turn away; of which you will not hear, or see, or feel. Do not let your life be clammed up by your prejudices or tightened by your fears. Do not act upon your predilections. Do not live by your phobias. Do not screen out ideas, truths, and experiences because you have a bias against them.

Let the light come in. Greet truth where you find it. "Sit down before the facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly and to whatever end nature leads or you shall learn nothing." Let it never be said of us as of the auditors of Paul, "Till he said that, they had listened to him."

PART IV

THIS FAITH AT WORK

Now the frontiers are all closed,
There is no other country we can run away to;
There is no ocean we can cross over.
At last we must turn and live with one another.

We cannot escape this any longer.
We cannot continue to choose between good and evil,
The good for ourselves, the evil for our neighbors.
We must all bear the equal burden.

At last we who have been running away must turn and
face it;
There is no room left for hate in the world we must live in.
Now we must learn love. We can no longer escape it.
We can no longer escape from one another.

Love is no longer a theme for eloquence.
Or a way of life for a few to choose whose hearts can de-
cide it.

It is the stern necessity; the unequivocal ultimatum.
There is no way out. There is no country we can flee to;
There is no man on earth who must not face this task now.

—*Peggy Pond Church*

*Lamps That Never Go Out**

The Friends, the Mennonites and the Brethren have been called the historic peace churches. This does not mean that these three are the only churches which have opposed war. It means that they have opposed war by methods different from those of other church groups. In this, as in practically all other matters, we have been separatist in method as in faith. We have tackled many problems through the knothole in the fence rather than from the pitcher's mound. We have called ourselves a peculiar people. We have held that we were called out to be separate. Partly because of our historical heritage and partly because of our interpretation of Scripture we became a separatist people, not only in the time of Alexander Mack but throughout most of our history.

This attitude certainly prevailed through the era of the first world war. Being primarily rural, our people leaned heavily upon mutual fellowship. Our social and economic contacts were primarily with people of like precious faith. And though being a conscientious objector carried with it heavy physical penalties and social brutalities, as firsthand accounts such as Moomaw's *Christianity and War* reveal, the essential problem of pacifism in the local environment was greatly aided by the Brethren concept of nonconformity to the world.

In the generation since that war this concept has undergone serious change. We have shed the garb of separatism to put on the clothes of Main Street. This has

* A report on civilian public service camps presented to the Highland Avenue congregation, February 4, 1945.

taken place socially, economically, and spiritually. We have stopped looking at world problems from the knothole in the fence and we have found our way into the ball park. Some of our men have taken the pitcher's mound, some are holding down first base, and to the batter's box we send those who stand ready for the pitch. We have tossed over the idea that we can work from the outside in and have accepted the philosophy that we must work from the inside out. The "leaven" interpretation of Scripture, which places validity upon working within the lump to make it better, is our text. In the interim we have joined the Federal Council of Churches and have allied ourselves with co-operative evangelical agencies which hold out hope for the better life for man.

In church life also we have become more conformist. We take our place in government. We hold it a duty to vote. We register. We work hand in glove with Selective Service (though not infrequently there is a spur in the glove, since pacifism is what John Kline said it was, "a square peg in a round hole") in the establishment of camps and service projects, through which channels men can demonstrate their pacifist faith. More than that, we are trying to make our testimony palatable. That day is now past when our heritage insists that we do not care whether people like our faith or not. We believe our pacifist faith is right and will stand permanently. We believe that common sense, economic necessity, decent humanity and spiritual insight confirm our faith and so we are striving to find ways to make this pacifist faith attractive to all peoples.

Such a broad-based approach to pacifism which lifts it beyond mere provincialism is a far more subtle and com-

plex and exasperating task than the separatist ever dreamed of. One can no longer simply say, "Lay that pistol down," and then go back to the farm. The non-conformist was expected to differ from the accepted pattern of the social group. Except in a few instances men regarded him as unchangeably different—peculiarly so—and left him alone. It is true that sometimes he was persecuted, but most of the time he was merely separated.

Not so with the conformist. His fellows expected him to react as they did—and often he did! His life has been set in a pattern where the social pressures which moved one moved all. If you want an explanation of why such a large percentage of our boys went 1A rather than 4E you will find it, I think, not in any lessened concern in this matter by administrators or ministers or parents, or in any severe critique of our pacifist education for the last twenty years, but in the order of things which has come as our church has seen it cannot crawl off from the world and wait, or live alone and like it, but that the time had come when the church must take off its coat, roll up its sleeves and go to work with all others who want to work for a better world. The church is still pacifist in pronouncements, doctrine, and leadership, but our pacifism has been brought out of the hothouse of separatism. For the first time it is buffeting the winds of many divergent concepts which likewise are working for the elimination of war. The result is that many of the things hoped for have not been realized. The pacifist witness has not been as unanimous as had been anticipated. In fact, it is the minority in our fellowship. Our new pacifism is a hybrid tree which has not yet proved its worth or yielded its increase. But it is the herald of a day when

our faith shall become a vital tenet of the full evangelical endeavor of all peoples for a warless world. It is a sign of our coming of age.

Against this background I ask your permission to say a few things about the visits which I have made to the men in civilian public service camps. I visited six camp groups and had previously visited in four groups. These ten units included base camps, mental hospitals, experimental and guinea pig units, and forest conservation corps. I need not say to you that it has been a rigorous and fascinating experience. You do not polish off any nice little speech and pitch it out at the men in camp behind the protection of one of these homiletical pillboxes called a pulpit which the English have defined as "three feet above contradiction." Not on your life!

Inherited pacifism, like inherited money, may come easily and go easily. There are some men in camp who are there more because their parents or minister thought they should be than because of their own conviction. It is a little like the case where the mother has a wife picked out for her son before he does. Sometimes it works, but usually it does not. None of the great affirmations of life can be made secondhanded. Some men have been pried into C.P.S. by the pastoral or parental lever and such men—though sometimes they do click—are usually misfits. They sit on their bunks and gripe, or they are as disconsolate as that man whose parents or sweetheart urged him off to war when his heart wanted him to do otherwise. A minister once wrote me an impassioned plea about one of his young men being detained against his conscience. So I went down into that sea of mud called Camp Atterbury, located the fellow, and discovered that he was right where

he belonged—in the army—for he was no more a 1AO or a 4E than was Old Blood and Guts Patton. John Oxenham was right: "Each man decideth the way his soul shall go." Pacifism cannot be inherited; it must be earned. For many Brethren boys pacifism has been an unearned heritage.

Contrast this fact with another, namely, that many non-Brethren boys in camp have come up the hard way. They have fought their way into camp from the ground up. Unlike most of us they had no little gray cards which declared them to be members in good standing of one of the "peace churches," little cards which were almost passports to camp. Instead, draft boards looked awry at Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and others, as much as to say, "We know better; you do not look like Brethren or Mennonites or Friends." So they put their faith on the anvil and pounded it with the legal hammer. Out of that testing came a virile pacifism. Ask such a one who has come to this faith by the hard road to show cause for his convictions and he can do it in a way that makes the rest of us ashamed.

Then there are the political objectors. General Hershey's broad definition opened the gates of religious pacifism to political objectors. The political pacifists are mainly of the intellectual type. They are activists. They get things done. They usually do not believe in God, but often do believe in good. And they tell everybody so, especially the new men coming to camp. They are constitutional objectors. They are opposed to practically everything under the sun. And it is not very hard work for them. In fact, they rather enjoy swimming upstream. They maneuver camp organization. They get into the

hair of administrators. They give news reporters a field day. They needle Selective Service and flaunt the public. To be sure they are a disturbing element. They fear neither God, nor man, nor Washington, nor Elgin! But you dare not write them off too easily. Though they possess the fanaticism they also possess the zeal of the reformer. They do much to highlight pacifism in public though they often do little to practice it in private.

In addition to the groups already mentioned are the J.W.'s (Jehovah's Witnesses) and similar groups who come to camp with the assurance that they have the theological answer to the needs of the world. They know how and when and where God plans to call a halt to the fall of this sin-cursed world. They know that salvation will come to them and damnation to all who fail to see things as they do. You are either one of them or you are a "dead duck" spiritually. Not infrequently they make real religion so bizarre and revolting as to turn men away from the spiritual resources of life rather than to them.

Of course, I have been describing small groups of men who are both to the extreme right and the extreme left of the center of the great group of men who come to camp more poised, standing on their own feet, with good common sense and wholesome faith, who are the stabilizing influence in camp.

Two types of persons, it seems to me, are hardest hit by the hodgepodge of idealism and ideology which makes up C.P.S. First, there is the man who came to camp merely to escape war. He had not real pacifist convictions, but thought this would be an easy way out. He is certainly finding C.P.S. no bed of roses. If a fellow wants to save his own hide C.P.S. is no place for him. His fel-

lows are the first to discover his duplicity. Shakespeare described the agony which is rightfully his: "Cowards die many times before their death. The valiant taste of death but once." The man who sought escape in C.P.S. found none. He found monotony, social ostracism, public prejudice, personal despair. Not having the courage to pay the price war demanded he discovers to his amazement that pacifism requires an even greater price. To him who sought security from danger and stress in C.P.S., the words of the Negro spiritual ring in his ears:

I went to the rock to hide my face,
The rock cried out, "No hiding place,
No hiding place down there."

Also, it has been difficult for those on the other far extreme, those who have come from conservative religious and social backgrounds, who have come in good faith, expecting to find *only* those of like faith. The welter and confusion of divergent philosophies ripped their land-locked ideas of God like a time bomb exploding. For a while they try to stem the tide, to win others to their ideas and practices. They propose camp prayer meetings and all sorts of spiritual exercises to bolster up their particular kind of faith. But camp is running against them. Their limited social talents and educational backgrounds are not sufficient to carry their faith against the camp community. One of two things usually happens before they find their balance again and begin to accept camp as it is. On the one hand, they tend to become spiritual isolationists. They keep their conservative faith in their solitude. Their bunks become chapels. Or, they go out and buy pipes and bowls of tobacco. Some people are disturbed about the pipe-smoking phase

of pacifism. It seems to me to be part of the growing pains of pacifism and should not be thought of as having wider implications than that. These men, like others, will find that point at which the pendulum stills. When that discovery comes they will have greater peace than some who have brushed the struggle aside and not come to grips with it at all.

In any attempt to evaluate what the objector to war is accomplishing the most obvious thing which stands out is that society is being made conscious of what it means for a group of people to make a stand against a great social evil like war. For twenty-five years we have been saying that war is wrong and the greatest collective sin on the face of the earth. Across the world in the hearts of the common man in every nation was this feeling that war could not, must not, come again upon the face of the earth. It seemed so unreal when it did come that for two years it was spoken of as the "phoney war"—the conflict which nobody wanted and out of which nobody could get any good. We thought we could keep war at bay, as Herbert Agar has pointed out, by merely wishing that it would not happen. But wishing did not make it so. The nation and the world drifted toward war and the real tragedy was that almost everybody went drifting that way, too.

Not quite everybody. A few there were who felt that whatever the cost they must make a stand against war. Men smiled at how much these could do—eight thousand men in camp and three thousand in prison—over against eleven million men in the army. The odds were one to one thousand. Only history will be able to assess what they could do, but all society has become conscious that,

small though it is in the total picture, here is the most powerful deterrent to another war which America has produced. When I talk to C.P.S. men who are discouraged about what they are accomplishing in their protest against war I tell them they ought to talk to the men in uniform. If the men in C.P.S. underestimate the value and permanence of the thing they are impressing upon American life, the men in uniform are overestimating that same contribution. Many men in uniform have an immense respect for the men in C.P.S.

Then, too, something is happening to the men themselves. C.P.S. is not a movement of men in mass. It is composed primarily of small groups which exist within hostile social surroundings. It is symbolical that many tasks required of men are solitary tasks—things which must be done alone. Here is an attendant who is alone on a ward in a mental hospital from 10:00 o'clock at night until 8:00 o'clock in the morning to care for his sleeping patients. Out here in a mountain fire tower is a man who has not seen the face of a fellow man for three weeks. Many of these men are thinking about life and the responsibilities it lays upon them as they never could have done otherwise.

To them there has come a new concept of vocational responsibility. They will no longer be content to go back to the old task and do it in the same way. They feel they must do something which will be of more benefit to mankind than to pad their own wallets. I believe the interest of C.P.S. men in the ministry has been overestimated. The ministry has come in for not a little criticism in their eyes. They are suspicious of the person whose task seems to them to be merely telling others

what life means. They are inclining more to social-action responsibilities and feel that they must get down into the social fabric with their own hands and help build the better world from the ground up. Co-ops, labor unions, crafts, farm bureaus, racial needs—the actual adjustments which they feel must take place in society—are their interest.

I never come back from C.P.S. camps but that I tell my wife we just must live differently. I do not see how men in camp do it. Many of them could not if they did not have the kind of wives they do, wives who share and encourage them in every iota of this stringent struggle. It means something to brook insecurity in our kind of world. It is not easy to face hostility for one's family as well as for oneself in the interdependent communities in which we live. I chafe at the bit when critics point out how easy men in C.P.S. have it compared to men in the services. That they do not often face death is true, but they regularly face that to which death is far easier—the prejudice, privation, and primitivism which society heaps upon their families. The men face two primary problems.

One is financial. They do not have much money. Two or three years in C.P.S. has eaten up savings which many had put away against this very time of stress. They live on monthly allowances ranging up from \$2.50 and receive no compensation at all for the work which they do. The work or business or education they had planned has had to fall by the wayside. Wives have worked to maintain the families. Many things that the rest of us take for granted they write off as part of the price they must pay. Certainly one of the reasons for the acceptance of the IAO position by so many religious objectors to war

is that it solves the perplexing financial problem. In an era of prosperity C.P.S. men face a decade of poverty because this faith in them will not down.

The other is social. There is always the finger of social scorn and the weight of social pressure which must be resisted. Prophets are always so far out on the front that they are misunderstood. Even the mentally disturbed know better than we do. In one of the wards of a mental hospital the patient came up to the wife of a C.P.S. man and said, "Mrs. Jones, I love you." Mrs. Jones, thinking it to be one of the quirks of her patient, made no reply. "Mrs. Jones, I love you." No reply. "Mrs. Jones, I love you." A third time, no reply. Then the patient in a voice different and more violent than before, shrieked, "Well, *you* ought to be glad somebody likes you."

In some of the mental hospital units the paid help will not speak to the C.O.'s. Even after weeks and months of working together and eating in the same room no word is passed. By a curiosity it has been discovered that one of the best ways to break the ice of that frigid situation comes when some soldier friend visits his C.P.S. buddy and they fraternize as brothers. That ought to be a cue for those of us on the home front who are wondering how C.P.S. men will be received when they come home. No aspect of the home-front problem is so revealing of our prejudices as this. Frankly, the problem does not seem to exist in the military. If you think that the men in uniform will belittle the man who did not wear the uniform you do not understand the mettle of either of them. So often the expression of this concern is but the voicing of a fear that they will get along well! We on the home front ought to be careful that we are

not less understanding in this than those on the war front. In our spate of hate and our rush to violence which set all things in confusion we have forgotten the warning of T. S. Eliot:

In a world of fugitives
The person taking the opposite direction
Will appear to run away.*

We have been a historic peace church. For two hundred years we have—together with Mennonites and Friends—stood alone to hold aloft the light of this hope in a warless world. There is a quip to the effect that, since we now have eight per cent of our men in C.P.S., eleven per cent in noncombatant service, and eighty-one per cent in the full military, the most which can be said for our historic pacifist testimony is that it is historic. There is enough truth in that quip to sting. In this war pacifism has been different and we have been different. All the major denominations have in their membership those who have objected to war by the vehicle of C.P.S. In the future men will not be looking solely to the peace churches for leadership toward a warless world. There seem to me to be many indications that the gigantic Methodist communion may surge forward as the leader of the pacifist movement in the postwar world. Methodist men in C.P.S. camps are exceedingly capable and vigorous. They are already supplying some of the most capable pacifist leadership in America.

One of the encouraging aspects in this era of bloodshed is the forthright leadership which ministers in the non-pacifist churches are assuming. If there is a "Preachers

* From *The Family Reunion*, Part II, Scene 2. By permission Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Present Arms" volume written of this second world war it will be a much thinner volume than that by Abrams. One of the C.P.S. men who attended a near-the-camp Baptist church said of that minister's pacifist testimony, "He puts a lot of Brethren to shame." I hope that C.P.S. man is wrong. I do not know what other men are doing. I am a parish priest and must be busy at my own altar, but I am sometimes given the impression that we are wiggling, if not dodging entirely. I trust it is a false impression, for woe unto us if, having thus shrouded our faith in the darkest hour, we blossom forth in pacifist fervor when the battle air is cleared.

The train was sold out the night I went east. I got on without reservation and took a seat in the club car. I prepared to "sit the night up" in company with the army colonel, the navy lieutenant, and the ordnance inspector who shared the booth-like corner in which we were crowded. We talked about the war and more of it. The last one and the next one. After some hours I told the men that I was a minister. The colonel let out a roar, "Well, boys, let's give him the works. We will tell you what kind of church the boys want after the war is over." With blistering irony he began to satirize the way ministers had invoked God into the war. "In Germany they say, 'God is on our side.' Here we say the same. You ministers do not understand much, do you? You cry wolf when you think you need to." By this time a crowd had gathered around our corner. In high glee he rode on, castigating the ministry for its evils in this matter. He was going right down my alley and he did not know it. I let him have it full force. "Now you are talking my stuff. I am not only a minister; I am a pacifist minister.

I am occupying this precious travel space to visit in the camps with the men who are conscientious objectors to war." There was a solemnizing moment of quiet before he said, "That's the only message the church has in such an hour as this."

Men say you cannot preach peace in time of war. This is not true. With a continental congregation each Sunday which more than matches my lifetime congregation though I preach fifty years, Harry Emerson Fosdick does it practically every Sunday and never pulls a punch. So does Ralph W. Sockman. So does Ernest Fremont Tittle. So does Henry Hitt Crane. So does Paul Scherer. And, thank God, though their numbers may not be legion there are many who proclaim this faith.

The job of pacifist testimony is not done. Pacifism has gotten out of the historic peace churches and into the faith and practice of all Christian peoples in the world. That which a few groups have held as a cherished faith is now gripping practically all faiths. The late Heywood Broun once wrote:

Things for which a multitude strives calmly and only through reason are slow in coming. . . . Possibly the day of peace will come through the calm and sane calculations of some small group wise in the science of human behavior, but I am not sure that we will end war until the passion for peace grips us as hard as the war fever.

The peace churches have lighted lamps that will never go out. Our task is to see that they do not go out where they were first kindled. The new pacifism, with its larger and more bewildering responsibilities, is as much our task as the former pacifism which was ours and ours alone.

*"Plowboy" Religion**

We have with us this morning as our special guests the fifteen men who are going to China for eighteen months to give their Christian testimony in the relief of human suffering. They will assist in the reclaiming of two million acres of farm land in Honan Province, China. This land was inundated when the great Yellow River was deliberately loosed from its dykes in 1938 as a part of the scorched-earth policy to halt the Japanese invasion. It did not stop that invasion. When the war raged on for seven years the once-fertile land became a corridor of famine. The Chinese have made heroic efforts to close the mile-long breaks in the dykes and get the land back into production. The water buffalo, which is the normal beast of burden, was slaughtered off during the war and Chinese men and women have been dragging their plows across their own backs.

The men of Tractor Operators in China will teach the Chinese the use and maintenance of tractors. They hope to see two thousand tractors put into steady use and the two million acres again producing food to relieve human hunger. The next few weeks they are to be trained in the scientific operation of tractors. This week they have been briefed upon the current problems confronting China and have been struggling to get a smattering knowledge of that impossible language. They have been warned that life will be primitive and rugged, that health conditions will be hazardous, that most of the refinements and comforts

* A sermon delivered in celebration and consecration of the men of Tractor Operators in China, 1946.

which we enjoy will be unknown. They may forget what a bathroom looks like and what an ice-cream soda tastes like. At last, when they have survived the immunizations which are required, given to some members of their immediate families the power of attorney, turned in their ration books, made their wills, and otherwise burned their bridges behind them they will set out on this task in which the work is hard, life arduous, and the future uncertain.

As I prepared to speak to you for them and to them for you I was made to ask myself the following questions:

"What moves a fellow to do this kind of thing?"

"Why are we backing them up as they do it?"

"Of what life principles is this practical service the outgrowth?"

"What elements in our Christian faith make this work a most sensible way to help relieve the awful agony of hunger and death which has gripped the earth?"

I sought to analyze the factors and the faiths which urged them on in this humanitarian and Christian service.

I

These men believe that the soil is the basis of all physical existence. Theirs is the love of and trust in the land which is intrinsically Chinese and characteristically Brethren. This faith in the soil is given delightful literary expression in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, where one sees old Gerald O'Hara walking with his daughter, Scarlett, across the brick-red fields of the Tara plantation in Georgia. He loves that red earth. He fears his daughter may not love it as he does. As they cross the brow of the rolling field Gerald O'Hara stoops down and scoops up a big handful of the red clay which

has grown his cotton for so many years. He looks long at that handful of soil. At last he says to Scarlett, “Land is the only thing in the world that amounts to anything, for ’tis the only thing in this world that lasts, and don’t you be forgetting it!”*

We have been people of the soil. We have believed that the land is the keystone of existence. When our fore-parents came from Schwarzenau (the name means “black meadow”—the best rich farm soil) in the Eder Valley by the river to Germantown, Pennsylvania, the coastal town did not long suffice for these rural people. It was more than persecution which brought our people to that garden spot in Lebanon and Lancaster counties in Pennsylvania, and on out to fertile northern Illinois, and on to the Waterloo, Iowa, region and finally to the Pomona Valley in Southern California. That Dunkard nose burrowed for good soil as effectively as the groundhog’s. The soil, we said, was God’s gift. God charged each with a responsibility to dress it and keep it. In it there is power and productivity to yield bread enough for all and to spare.

But unfortunately the stewardship of the soil across the centuries has been so faulty that today the soil is eroded, or pock-marked with artillery bursts, or glazed over with the glassy remains of the smelted heat of atomic explosion, or bled white by the scurvy of revolution, or scorched, wasted and ravaged by war to such an extent that millions of people are hungry. In the beginning God set man down in a garden eastward in Eden. There he caused to grow every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food.

* From *Gone With the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell. By permission of the Macmillan Co.

A blanket of deep green covered the earth and the full virile verdure graced the horizon. The water was cool and plentiful. But the Mesopotamian valley, cradle of eleven civilizations, became the graveyard of them all. Walter C. Lowdermilk, surveying man's misuse of the soil down through the centuries, has been moved to say that if Moses had foreseen what was to become of the Promised Land and of other lands because of suicidal agriculture, greedy cultivation, and the scourging of the land because of war, he would have been inspired to deliver an eleventh commandment:

Thou shalt inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land, thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or perish from off the face of the earth."*

We have seen again what the ravages of war and the greeds of men can do to the good earth. The men of Tractor Operators in China are giving of their service in the faith that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," that in the good earth there is food enough and to spare, and that ours is a stewardship to till the ground until men shall no longer hunger.

II

Those who enter a work of this nature place a high faith in the need for men to co-operate with each other. Each race and nation has its gifts to offer to the world

* From *Christian Rural Fellowship Bulletin*, No. 47.

family. It ill behooves any one nation to suppose that it has in its power to be always on the giving end and never on the receiving end. We must be on guard against that kind or arrogant self-sufficiency which allowed H. V. Kaltenborn to declare that the atomic bomb was the product of Anglo-Saxon scientists when, in fact, only one of the top twelve scientists at Los Alamos was Anglo-Saxon either in birth or in heritage.

We must remember that the service which the men of Tractor Operators in China are giving—and we are backing up—is a sharing process. I take it that they will not be minded to think that because at this moment we have resources and foodstuffs which the Chinese have not we are indulging in a benevolent paternalism—the kind of thing which the *Chicago Tribune* always accuses soft-hearted, easy-to-touch old Uncle Sam of doing—which pours our gold and energy and mechanical skill down the rat hole of some other country's need, draining off our resources to build up those of another country with the result that we are no longer America *First*.

I would not belittle the fact that America has much to offer in money, material resources, and mechanical know-how. Two thousand tractors are something to write home about. And the knowledge of how to reclaim swiftly vast acreages of spoiled land at this juncture of the world's hunger is no mean gift to carry in your hands. In addition to what you will bring there will be others whose gifts to the Chinese will mean the difference between life and death for multitudes of people.

But I would not want you to forget that China also has great gifts to offer to the world family. Your briefing course on this great nation has revealed to you that this

sleeping giant of a country has a vast geographical area, an almost uncountable population of patient, suffering people, and a civilization and culture which were old when Christ was born. Do not dismiss lightly the great heritage of a nation like China. It has had the character to withstand the elements, undergo changing dynasties, survive invasions and wars for literally millenniums of history. You would do well to absorb some of these finer elements of its national character and thereby learn some lessons of existence by which our nation at the tender age of only one hundred seventy years shall live for centuries. Was it not Confucius who said, "It is square men, not square acres, which make a great country"! Or, consider that other word attributed to him: "My son, that which thy father hath bequeathed unto thee must be earned anew if thou wouldst keep it."

A recent report of the Rockefeller Foundation pays a glowing tribute to the potential Chinese contribution to the modern world.

The Chinese have a physical and spiritual vitality, a recuperative power, which is almost unique. They have learned how to surmount disaster, how to keep their social and aesthetic values vigorous and alive under pressures of demoralization and chaos. They are an extraordinarily gifted people, and unless global calamity overwhelms us all, they are destined to make a contribution to the life of man incalculable in its beneficial consequences.

This co-operative approach to human problems in which men work out their concerns mutually demands not only that both partners give and take but also that each shall put into the task his best. If so be that life is more than food and the body more than raiment, as Jesus said, you have more to give than mere mechanical

twists. I trust that you will do more than plow dirt in China, or even teach others to plow, which is better still. Our world is tottering and it is no use thinking it can be put together with a few plowed furrows and a couple of hundred tractors. You will accomplish the full function of Tractor Operators in China only if you give evidence of a deeper insight into what holds the world together other than merely wheels and engines. Our world is groping for a philosophy of brotherhood, a doctrine of the equality of all races and peoples, and a profound faith that the ultimate resources of life are spiritual. I trust that this faith in you will be as much in evidence to the Chinese as your ability to push a tractor around.

III

The spirit of Tractor Operators in China is that of men who place the spiritual qualities uppermost in life, for whom God is the source of all things. There are men of humanitarian motives to whom the religious sentiment does not cut a very wide swath. But those who really help their fellows from the mere humanitarian point of view are few and far between. The real drive to help somebody in distress comes from the religious concept of life which puts God, the Creator, at the center and source of all things. There is a familiar verse which seems a fitting expression of the faith of men who are giving their labor in order that the good earth may yield food for the hungry. It is a very simple verse, but very meaningful.

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill;
And back of the mill is the rain and shower
And the sun and the Father's will.

Not many of us feel that any hope which we could hold out with *our* hands would ever be enough to stem the tide of world hate and wrong if it were not for this vastly greater power at the heart of the universe. The scientists' analysis that in any harvest the total labor of the farmer represents only five per cent of the energy involved in the total production of the crop is a tiny indication of the resources which God hurls into the scheme of things on every hand. What good would two thousand tractors do if for one season the seed's potential would suddenly become zero, the soil's mystery refuse to reveal its hidden powers, or the sun and the rain be stopped dead in their tracks? It is little use for any farmer to turn a single furrow if that other Farmer is not also fruitfully at His toil. If, indeed, the stars in their courses did not eternally fight against Sisera *and* war *and* famine *and* suffering there would be little hope that we could do anything to stay the tides of death and disaster.

God of all harvest, bless this seed,
Sown against the world's deep need,
And may it spring to living bread
Whereby the souls of men are fed.
Let love and pity once again
Find rooting in the hearts of men.
God, who alone can give increase,
Now plant the world's torn fields to peace*

You will need to remember that you struggle not alone as you hold your spade more splendid than the sword, as you drive your tractor with a greater sense of destiny than does the steerer of a tank. In those hours when the work is most difficult and the task seems hopeless and you have

* From "Seedtime," by Una W. Harsen. By permission of the *Christian Century*.

forgotten that there are those of us who wish you well in your mission of goodwill, never lose sight of that other Laborer, who set a garden eastward in Eden and caused it to become alive with food and fruit pleasant to the eye and nourishing to the body. He will still be at His task in the garden, nor will He cease from it until there is food for all. With that knowledge new life and new hope will come to you.

As torrents in summer
Half-dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

Peacetime Military Conscription

Nor shall they learn war any more (Isaiah 2:4).

Charles Evans Hughes, former chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, once said, "If Americans lose the right to differ, they will cease to be free." I should like to invoke that guarantee of freedom to make certain observations on the implications of peacetime military conscription. I am well aware that many of you—and certainly a much larger percentage of our fellow citizens—will not favor the position which I shall outline.

I

Many plans for peacetime military conscription have been prepared by the military forces in the government in the last eight months. That the type of bill proposed has been basically altered at least three times indicates how edgily the military forces have adapted their proposals to the winds of public sentiment as well as making it clear that they are determined to lay on all that the traffic will bear.

It is rather generally agreed now* that the proposal which will be brought out of committee will be somewhat as follows: The eighteen-year-old young men of the nation will be conscripted for one year's training. One fourth of those who reach eighteen years of age in any given year will be inducted the first three months, the next one fourth in the next three months, *et cetera*. All of those inducted will have to take six months' basic training. After the six months of basic training, these men

* February 1947

may select any of several lines of service for the next six-month period. They may join the regular army, the national guard, the reserves or the college ROTC, or they may enter some kind of technical training for the army. The proposal is not made on a one-, two- or five-year basis, but is projected as the permanent policy of the nation.

These proposals—though they have been considerably watered down from the original propositions—are still sufficiently drastic in their departure from our American way of life to be examined analytically; indeed, critically. I propose to examine with you the implications of peacetime military conscription, stating my opposition to its institution in American life.

II

1. This proposal is at heart undemocratic and un-American. Militarism, as the world has known it, has been a device to protect the autocratic rule of kings. Militarism grew out of a medieval culture. Militarism prospered most amply in Europe, where many sovereignties, concentrated and closely adjoining, depended almost solely on standing armies and hired soldiers to remain in power. Government was not accepted as a service to the people but as an exploitation which could be maintained only by force. This way of life found its fullest expression in Prussian militarism, in which the social, financial, and political structures were geared to the military service.

Americans never accepted this concept of national sovereignty. Every basic document underlying our original structure sought to avert military dominance. In fact, having seen the evils of the military establishment, the founding fathers invoked every protection against mili-

tarism in government. The secretaries of war and navy have always been civilians. The army and the navy have been kept at minimum strength for the protection of the country. The processes of national life have been designed to keep the military men from control of the civilian arms of the government. (It is for this reason, despite the great public confidence in the integrity of General Marshall, that we look with suspicion upon his appointment as Secretary of State lest foreign policy be irretrievably welded to military strategy.)

We ought not now in the twentieth century revert to medievalism and turn our destiny over to the military mind. The military mind is autocratic. It comes to decision without recourse to the democratic methods of discussion, debate and ballot. It slaps down its regulations by fiat. It judges its own case outside the courts of law. It fosters caste separations by perpetuating an archaic system of finely graded levels of service running from the brass hat down to the buck private. As one serviceman wrote in his letter home, "How our army can . . . speak of things democratic is most puzzling; for it certainly has maintained in this war the most high-handed and brazen exploitation of a caste system our country has ever known." Senator Taft of Ohio summed the matter up in a profound and terse way when he said, "Peacetime conscription destroys freedom."

President Gould of Carleton College has said that we might as well urge a presidential decree demanding that the bow and arrow factories work around the clock to meet the present emergency as to urge the imposition of peacetime military conscription upon a great free, democratic nation in the hope of preserving its liberty.

2. Such a proposal is an infiltration into our educational system. President Truman has gone to pains to call this training bill an educational, rather than a military, proposal. If we want to turn our educational task over to the army, let us say so. Our job now is to teach children and adults to hate war, not to glorify war. We are not beginning the task of a warless world until we quit extolling Napoleon and all his military descendants. However much we may respond to the genial General "Ike" Eisenhower we ought never cease telling our children that his is the business of death. He himself told President Marsh of Boston University, "Your job is to put men in my job out of business." It is time we duplicate the Chinese repugnance for the profession of the soldier and not attempt to ease it into respectability under the cloak of education. To all, from the tiniest child up, we must teach a new viewpoint concerning war.

In hearts too young for enmity
There lies the way to make men free.
When children's friendships are worldwide,
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child and wars will cease.
Disarm the heart—for that is peace.*

Let us not turn that job over to the army. What has the army to offer educationally? The military mind is archaic. It talks about the disciplinary value of teaching men to command by teaching them to obey. Modern education, says Dr. Reeder of the University of Illinois, brands that type of thinking as "bunk." We teach men to obey by teaching them to obey, and we teach them to command by teaching them to command. This palaver about making

* By Ethel Blair Jordan

a great nation of leaders by running all through the disciplinary mill of military training is educationally unsound. Will the army teach equality of opportunity for all and sustain an iniquitous system of caste? Will the army teach that truth is universal and foster the secrecy of atomic bomb experimentation upon any area of life, forcing us to live behind an iron curtain?

If it is an educational job which needs to be done, let us divert a couple of billion dollars from the military budget to the ministry of education. Let us implement our high schools, establish public junior colleges and inaugurate the 6-4-4 plan of public education with six years in the grade schools, four in high school and four in college. Let us strengthen the arm of the great public educational system of America, which is rooted in a local community, rather than turn the education of American youth over to the military machine.

3. Certainly a word would be in order about how much this business costs. We do not now feel that anything could squander our great financial resources. We should be wiser. Out of a projected one-hundred-sixty-billion-dollar national income for 1947-48, at least eleven billion is earmarked for military expenditures. That is one dollar out of every sixteen dollars to support the military machine. The stewardship statisticians may groan about the costs of cosmetics in relationship to the contributions to charities, but we ought not to forget that this expenditure for the military machine which is saddled upon our nation makes all other expenditures look like so much pin money.

Right now we are wondering if the budget which President Truman sent to Congress can be cut appre-

ciably. We groan because no "across-the-board" income-tax reduction is in sight. We grouse at the possible retention of excise taxes. We groan because the rent ceilings have not been raised. We put blame for all these things upon the cantankerousness of labor. We point our finger at that influence which many regard as the devil's advocate—reaching back from the grave—the New Deal. We blame controls. We level our criticism upon the caginess of the Republicans or the decay of the Democrats. Why not put blame where it belongs, on the military machine? It knows no financial bounds, it wastes, it blunders, it levies, it squanders, it eats at the public trough all that the traffic will bear and slops out much of the rest for the kind of slush funds which keep tills full even when the people through their representatives attempt to curtail expenses for military purposes.

For those whose financial eyes see this matter from another angle, who hope that widespread unemployment and depression can be averted by the retention of a large standing army, let this be said. There is no more expensive way to employ people than to conscript them into the army. There is no more unproductive expenditure of funds than to pour them into the military machine.

4. Do we not understate the matter grossly when we declare that this proposal threatens also a creative religious experience? Men of Christian faith differ on the duty of the Christian in this matter of military service. The New Testament ordains a social order in which the use of force and the taking of life will pass off the scene. The issue usually gets hung up on our readiness to take the next step. But the goal is there definitely, unchangeably—a society in which God is the Father, all men are broth-

ers, truth and goodwill are the foundation stones, and love is the heart of it. We discover how early in the history of man this ideal was held up when we discover that little segment of a text from the ancient Scriptures: "Nor shall they learn war any more."

Every action which turns us from the goal of a warless world, which submerges the Christian ideal for the world of men, which fosters attitudes and habits out of which grows "man's inhumanity to man," which smashes the dignity of the individual and substitutes hatred and greed for the love of God in the hearts of men should be turned from as a secularizing force in a culture which has rejected reliance upon the God of creative love and which is still far distant from a world to which His kingdom can come and in which His will can be done.

5. Consider also that the establishment of peacetime military conscription would be an open challenge to the peace of the world. Hanson Baldwin, military analyst of the *New York Times*, declared that the atom bomb introduced a new and radical element in the military strategy. He said, "It blasted not only the enemy, but also many of our previously conceived military values. All of the armed forces as we now know them have become obsolete. Mass conscript armies, great navies, piloted planes, have, perhaps, become a part of history."*

It is significant that the army itself has questioned the value of peacetime military conscription for "disaster training." The scientists have declared, "There is no defense against atomic bombs." Chief of Staff Eisenhower has indicated that this fact is what is keeping military men awake at night. "What the atomic bomb is

* Quoted by permission of Hanson W. Baldwin and the *New York Times*.

going to mean to us," he said, "is a matter over which we study and sweat every day. I think there is no one who can say what this means to the numbers and equipment of armies."

Let us look at the psychological implications of this proposal, remembering that we have just come out at the top of the pile in the greatest war the world has ever known. Does the determination of our military to drive through peacetime military conscription speak to the other nations of our love of democracy and freedom? Does it speak of our determination to live up to the commitments of the Atlantic Charter? Does it speak of our desire to co-operate fully in the United Nations? Does it speak of our sincere planning for "a global organization that in the end will take all nations in, a genuine endeavor to deal with international problems by international political instruments, making the welfare of all the concern of each and the welfare of each the responsibility of all"? It does not so speak to the nations of the world; not so to our enemies, or even to our allies.

Does the institution of peacetime military conscription breed suspicion? Is it an admission of failure in world government before we begin it? Does it say to the world in actions more final than those with which we scuttled the League of Nations that this whole business of world government is just a front for us behind which we maneuver to gain control of six hundred and twenty-three islands, to corner Arabian oil, to monopolize the uranium deposits of the world? Does it say that we shall go along on a plan of world order only so long as we are top dog in the whole outfit? It says just that to the nations of the world. If we do this thing now we can expect that it will

not be well received elsewhere in the world. Our goodwill is bound for trouble. Our intentions will be viewed with suspicion. The hopes of a warless world will be put back at least a quarter of a century.

III

I do not ask that you approve this analysis of peacetime military conscription or even that you accept it. I merely bid you to consider it. Think deeply, soberly, about it. Be alert and alive in the world in which you live. In a world like ours ignorance is not only inexcusable; it is suicidal.

We can seek to purge from life those attitudes which keep us from a clear interpretation of what is happening in the world. We are of the earth, earthly. All too easily we justify our actions and the actions of our country by rationalizing. The man who says with Stephen Decatur, "Our country! In her intercourse with other nations may she ever be in the right; but our country, right or wrong," has closed the door through which light and truth may come. He is shut off from the fine modesty and wistful striving of Lincoln, who asserted that the question is not first of all whether God is on our side but whether we are on God's side.

We can pray, for prayer is creative thinking at the highest level. By prayer spiritual and mental resources beyond our own are placed in our command. Somewhere between an innocuous repetition of the infinite ideal, "Thy kingdom come," and the endless much speaking in prayer of vain repetitions which salve the mind but restrain the hand, lies the area of creative experience with God in which a man's spiritual fires are kindled, his mind alerted and his hands empowered for good works.

We can write our governmental representatives. I am told that personal correspondence is one of the most effective ways of practicing what we believe in a democracy. Democracy is a representative form of government. We share our democratic franchise other than by voting. We should write our convictions to our representatives.

I want to suggest a final thing. Let us live by our convictions right here in our own community. In the final analysis the job we have to do will be done here. Elgin is no city with a world vision.* It has not escaped self-centeredness, prejudice or complacency. In fact, if our smug attitude of paternalistic superiority were written large everywhere in America the world would be far down the road to another war. Much of what has been accomplished has come about in spite of Kane County and the *Chicago Tribune* rather than because of them. Let us not keep our tongues in our cheeks at this time. Let us lift up our voices at home, in the schools, at the office, in the factories, and with our friends in the community for the loftier concepts of a better world. In so doing we shall learn war no more.

* Is yours?

Beauty for Ashes

Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified . . . they shall build the old wastes, they shall rise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities . . . men shall call you the ministers of our God" (Isaiah 61:3-6).

For most Brethren people Lent is some good thing which ought to be observed. We know not quite how it ought to be observed and so we let it run along like a protracted Emancipation Day. We make no serious attempt to incorporate its ritual into our lives.

But Lent does have meaning for Brethren people. Even though we do not follow the holy days of the Christian year or base the worship of the church on a liturgical pattern, there is a Lenten faith which we believe. We do not partake of the denials of other groups which more rigorously observe the canons of Lent. We do not feel we must eat fish on Friday, or abstain from candy during these days, or participate in many other traditional denials associated with Lent. As Lent draws on toward Palm Sunday, Good Friday, and Easter, we become aware of the spiritual significance of these six weeks which precede Easter Day.

I

Originally, Lent was the period from noon on Good Friday until Easter Sunday morning—some forty hours. This period of fasting was soon lengthened to include all of Holy Week. Our modern observance of Lent in-

volves the forty days (excluding Sundays) prior to Easter Sunday. The first day in Lent is called Ash Wednesday. Ash Wednesday is a day which calls us to repentance. The name *Ash Wednesday* focuses our thought upon the ancient Hebrew custom of expressing repentance in sackcloth (burlap) and ashes. Tamar, suffering the disgrace of infidelity, rent her garments and put ashes in her hair. Mordecai, uncle to the queenly Esther, hearing of the plot to exterminate their people, sat down in ashes. Job, confronted and bewildered with an avalanche of grief, declared his repentance in dust and ashes. The people of Nineveh, hearing the account of their evil deeds from the lips of the unwilling messenger, Jonah, repented in sackcloth and ashes. Ashes symbolized the Hebrew repentance.

The ancients, we are told, expressed their moods by the kind of clothing they wore. In the Old Testament, repentance is identified with sackcloth and ashes. Modern people also express their mental reactions with their apparel. The axiom of fashion designers is "Make your clothes fit your personality." Mull over the implications of a backless, shoulder-strapless evening gown! Ask what is the mood of a slack outfit topped by a fur coat on its way to do "a little war job." Ponder the mood of this riot of color which dazzles the congregation as it assembles on Easter morn to celebrate the Lord's resurrection. Our clothes do speak our moods. Here is a lady who alternates between blacks and grays and the whole world understands her sorrow. In this twentieth century we are still sufficiently naive to tell the world what we are thinking by what we are wearing.

Is it, then, that our repentance finds less vivid and less

dramatic ways in which to express itself than in sackcloth and ashes, or is it that we are not inclined to repent, for Ash Wednesday and Lent find not many people who are in the apparel of repentance?

In far more vivid and dramatic ways than we realize, Lent finds our world garbed in the sackcloth and ashes which are calling us to repentance. The ashes of destruction are calling us to repentance: the ashes of homes destroyed by bombs . . . the ashes of giant cities, their arteries severed, their hearts blasted, their dying life crying out against the night sky in a million leaping tongues of flame. Millions of young people in our generation will not forget the day when—the city having burned itself out—they returned to their churches, their homes, their schools to discover that nothing remained but ashes. In our world there are ashes of destruction aplenty to call us to repentance this Lent. Ashes still in Berlin. Ashes still in London. Ashes still in Chungking. Ashes still in the islands of the seas. Ashes everywhere, heaped where homes have been, ashes mantling cities, ashes suffocating churches. The ashes of destruction are calling our world to repentance this Lent.

The ashes of death are calling us to repentance. Ashes have been the immemorial symbol of death. When that saddest of days comes it is the minister's task to stand at the edge of a hole dugged deep in the cold earth and say slowly those most difficult of all words: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." These are the days such as parents and wives and sweethearts best understand are days when the ashes of death are calling us to repentance. The ashes from the millions of dead from the war are still the most sad and vivid memory. These are days such as all who

have compassion and goodwill in their hearts best understand are days when the ashes of death are calling us to repentance: the ashes of little children too weak to smile, too hungry to cry for food . . . the ashes of parents who have collected weeds and bits of food for the family until at last starvation, whose specter is always present, lays its hand upon them also . . . the ashes of old and young alike who in the cold winter of need go out from the shacks which they call home and are found frozen in the streets . . . the ashes of little children and grown people whom your friends and mine have told of seeing dead on the sidewalks. The ashes of death are calling us to repentance this Lent. There are ashes aplenty and to spare in our world which are calling us to repentance before Almighty God.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes.

II

Lent begins on Wednesday, with ashes. But Lent concludes on Easter, with joy. The day of repentance becomes the day of resurrection. To use Isaiah's figure of speech, the day of ashes is transformed into the day of garlands! The spirit which is downcast has a new dress! We wear new clothes on Easter! The despairing receive the diadem! That is the hope which Lent brings to our world so steeped in ashes. Here is the promise that grief shall be turned to joy; that the downcast shall be enabled to look up; that all who dwell in darkness shall see a great light; that the hungry shall have food and the shoeless be shod and the homeless find homes and the loveless be loved.

When there comes to our world such a day of repentance

as that which the prophet pictures, there shall also come to our world the day of resurrection of which he speaks. "Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.*

III

Across the years this message has been interpreted in many ways. It has almost always been spoken of as redemption. This Lenten season is a time of repentance from personal sins. It is a time when in a special way we attempt to bring men face to face with Christ. It is a time when we seek to convince men of their spiritual obligations to God and urge them to turn from their own ways and commit their lives to him. It is the time when, more dramatically than at any other time, we point out at what awful cost was salvation from sin achieved for us in the dying Christ. It is a time when many voices say unto men, "Return," "Repent," "Give your lives to Christ." It is a time when we catch wistful faces at the world's window and hold up before them Christ, the hope of glory. These Lenten days speak of redemption for lost and wasted lives. These days offer a spiritual diadem to the downcast soul.

The message of Lent is also a clarion call to the social obligations which are a part of our faith. The far easier

* From *Evolution*, by John Bannister Tabb.

aspect of the Lenten faith is to speak of it in other-worldly terms; to give the phrase, *beauty for ashes*, a theological frame of reference and leave untouched the bleeding social infections of our time. Many and long have been the protests that Christianity has been all too willing to become the preserver of the existing order of things and to devote itself exclusively to intangible spiritual considerations.

The message of Lent is repentance for personal sins, rehabilitation for social sins. Sins of self may often be dealt with adequately in a manner which concerns only God and self, but "sins by syndicate," group sins—racial intolerance, economic injustice, and war, which is the greatest of them all—demand a larger scope than personal repentance. They are propositions in which God and fellow men have both been wronged. Such sins can be dealt with only by both repentance and rehabilitation.

On at least one former occasion were these words so interpreted. A young preacher long ago, when first called upon to preach, quoted the passage out of which our text has come and declared it to be His own commission from God.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and he went to the synagogue as his custom was, on the sabbath day. And he stood up to read; and there was given to him the book of the prophet Isaiah. He opened the book, and found the place where it was written,

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
because he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor:

He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
and recovering of sight to the blind,
to set at liberty them that are bruised,
to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

And he closed the book and gave it back to the attendant, and sat down; and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fixed on him. And he began to say unto them, Today this scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing!

It has been our peculiar function in Christendom to emphasize that the Christian commitment is not merely a thing of creed, but a thing of deed. Indeed, when in the later years of the 1600's Philip Jacob Spener taught that the fundamental idea of the Christian life is to do good to others as to self, the idea was such a novelty that the Pietists were dubbed "goody goodies." Later, August Hermann Francke, father of the institutional development in the Protestant church and founder of the first orphanage, declared that what a person believed meant little if he did not do something about his faith. That is our Brethren faith.

It is this rehabilitation aspect of our Lenten work which thrills me as I think about the Church of the Brethren. Throughout all these months of bitter cold and hunger and destruction brought upon many millions of men by war, our church has been out there in the vanguard with this message of beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness—with heifers for relief, with seeds of goodwill, with clothing for the naked, with food for the hungry, with inspiration for the downcast, with love for the unloved, and with goodwill for all. Other denominations have been spurred on by our example to do likewise. In Chicago, a mass clothing drive was begun when the Brethren underwrote all expenses and then a great outpouring of gifts began. The Church World Service center, representing the united efforts of many denominations, came into being

largely by the vision and the energy of the Brethren. Not a few from other denominations are declaring that when history writes the story of these times, we shall have given the world one of the great Christian leaders of our day. A Methodist minister with a Brethren name, Vinton Ziegler, has said that the call for serving human suffering has done for our generation what the Reformation did for the original Protestant groups in uniting them in one great common cause.

We are the people to give the phrase, *beauty for ashes*, new meaning in Lent. We are numbered among those who believe that good cannot come of evil but can overcome it . . . those who would devote their energies to beating swords into plowshares in order that out of the ashes and destruction of war we might turn up the good earth to the healing and warming rays of the sun that its fruitfulness and bounty might again feed, nourish, and bless . . . those who believe that life will touch life and appeal to life wherever unselfish service is poured out in love to mankind. It is our faith that men will find something else in the world besides hatred and killing; that they will find in others a living knowledge that love is at work in the universe; will discover its contagion leaping from heart to heart; will clasp each other's hands across boundaries; will look over walls with glad surprise into each other's faces, astonished to find how much alike they are and how much we have in common; that a new ideal will gradually dawn upon our world; that a new ambition for good will beat within the hearts of men; that new light will shine upon our world, as when the morning has followed the night, and the darkness has been driven away, as when over the eastern hills

Forth one wavelet, then another curled
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew bold, then overflowed the world.

PART V

THE PEACE WE MUST HAVE

*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

Lest we forget that Thou art a gracious and great God, who hast set down our lives in a universe of unfailing goodness which overarches all our days.

We thank Thee that the infinite resources of Thy created world are available to us by the hard labor of our hands, in the diligent application of our minds, through the solemn disciplines of obedience, caught up in the thrills of service, bound together in the agonies of sacrifice, hidden between the lines of Thy written word, abounding in the white shaft of prayer, revealed with transparency in the life of Jesus, and flooding every act which has its birth in love.

*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

Lest we forget that our life standeth in Thine appointment and in our pride seek to find security in self and science, in things and country.

We beg Thy forgiveness for our personal sins, writ large in community life, which have led the nations into the ceaseless horror of war. Forgive us for that aggression and vengeance by which homes have been

bombed and families made refugees, in the wake of which youth has been corrupted and maidenhood despoiled, by the waste of which children starve in the streets and disease stalks the land, and through which horror and bitterness obsess the mind and despair overwhelms the heart.

*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

Lest we forget that it is still Thy purpose to turn this darkness into light, this violence into virtue, this chaos into a cosmos.

By the awful need of humanity, by the bitter futility of war, by the ceaseless pain and death of Thy children and by Thine own unending sacrifice of love, we beseech Thee to enter this strange time in which we live with Thy transforming power that there may be a victory for righteousness to the end that a new order shall arise in which Thy will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. Press humility into our achievements, put courage into our decisions, raise a song within our hearts, and make our being alive in these perilous times heartening evidence of Thy confidence in us. May we not fail those who shall come after us, or Thee, or Thy greater purposes for the children of men. Let our generation not cease its labors or be discouraged till justice and goodwill and peace have been set in the earth, to give their grateful shade and bear their rich fruitage long after we are gone. *Amen.*

Total Peace

War is the affirmation of force. Peace is the affirmation of faith. Man never has the option of choosing between war and peace. War and peace are by-products. If man chooses the principle of force he must accept its primary instrument, war. If he chooses the principle of faith he must accept its primary instrument, love. The answer to total war is total peace.

It is rather generally agreed that total war means four basic things in modern society. Total war means (1) that no great nation can stay out of it; (2) that no individual can escape the effect of it; (3) that no area of life is free from its power; (4) that war is permanent. What do these four things demand of us if we accept the principle of faith rather than the principle of force?

I

Total peace means that no nation may stay out of the peace. Peace is global. All people are involved in it. Half of the nations cannot have peace and the other half have war any more than half of one nation may exist slave and the other half free, as Lincoln said. This is a much more austere truth than most of the postwar plans have come to grips with. We shall have peace everywhere or we shall have peace nowhere. Our modern world is a unit. We are all dependent upon one another. As no war may come which does not affect every nation on the globe, so no peace can prevail which is not shared by every nation.

Total war has forced us to open our eyes to the necessity

of total brotherhood. World brotherhood was once the dream of the visionary. It is now the stern necessity. America was an experiment in humanity—the test-tube discovery of the power of men to order government for their common good. We dare not stop that experiment short of world participation. We dare not use Americanism as a shield behind which to gather up our prejudices or garner privileges. The nasty slogan—"Pull with America or pull out"—must yield to the better slogan—"Pull for world brotherhood or you are not pulling"!

I have the authentic account of the speech of a man seeking election to Congress which seems like a dream. He was a history professor in State College at Santa Barbara, California. He knew enough about the world to know it just could not keep on going if any nation was out on the fringes of world opportunity and responsibility. With prophetic courage he said, in effect: "If you elect me to the House of Representatives I will put humanity first, America second, California third, and Santa Barbara fourth." And believe it or not, they sent him! Let us hope that he does his job to the hilt. Let us pray that there may be more like him.

II

Total peace means that no individual can escape the effects of the peace. It penetrates every home, not only the offices of the State Department. It brings its blessings not only to men who have seen the horrors of battle and turned from them; it brings its benefits to women and children, to young and old, to rich and poor.

John Bartram, Quaker botanist, was one of those first gentlemen adventurers to ride over the Blue Ridge Mountains in 1716. He saw the Shenandoah Valley in its virgin

fertility and stood waist-deep among its unplucked wild flowers. He thought it such a beautiful place that he called it "my valley." He would not tell others how to reach it. But you cannot keep a secret like the Shenandoah Valley! Liberty, truth, freedom, and democracy cannot be cornered. They cry out, "Don't fence me in." Some things are too big except to be possessed by all men. These are the precious possessions toward which all men are pilgrims. William Allen White once said that "liberty is one thing you cannot have unless you give it to others." Like so many good things it is shared or it dies.

We may be tempted to accept our freedoms as citizens of this great nation—accept them hands down, so to speak, and say comfortably, as did Benjamin Franklin, "Where liberty is, there is my home." Let us hope that there will be some modern Tom Paine sticking around to say to us what Paine shot back at Franklin, "Where liberty is not, there is my home." Patrick Henry said, "Give *me* liberty or give me death." In Richmond, Virginia, where he uttered those words from the balcony of a little church on East Broad Street, they seem to be in the air even yet. So long as it is *white* Patrick Henry who is saying them with the fire of his impassioned soul they are a patriotic symphony. Down the hill from that little church—not more than hollering distance—is Seventeenth Street. Seventeenth Street, down under the viaduct, where the dirt of the city swirls and settles, where the trains come in; a virtual corridor of filth and shacks and dispossession; where the colored people live, sullen as death, jolly as sin, restless as fire. Like the staccato moan of death rising from the hold of a slave ship, their cry comes up out of the dungeon of Seventeenth Street, up

the hill past the Brethren church, and on up to the little church where Patrick Henry spoke. But the church is empty now. The Marshalls and the Bryans have moved to other parts of the city. Every city has its Seventeenth Street. From that street comes the cry of black restlessness, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Let Nehru of India, brilliant, courageous fighter for freedom, cry as he does almost every day, "Give India freedom or give me death," and he is drowned out by a chorus of *boo's*. Every people has its Nehru. Often he seems to stand alone against the world. But the universe is with him.

And for the everlasting right,
The silent stars are strong.

Total peace means that no individual can escape its blessings. Sooner or later its benefits must come to all. Liberty, peace, truth, and others. You cannot hide them. You cannot get a corner on them. You cannot sew them up for the favored few.

III

Total peace means that no area of life is unblessed by its benefits. Like war, it includes everything. It lays hold of science. It commands our economics. It embraces our politics. It is master of our personal liberties. Again, war has pressed home to us this truth that no area of life may be free from its implications and instruments.

Trace out the history of human combat. Go back to tribal warfare and discover that often the honor of the tribe was settled by a one-man army. David and Goliath settled the matter for Israel and Philistia as Major Bong, ace of aces, could not do today. National honor was most often upheld by an army of the nation's strongest men.

A standing army was not sufficient. Machiavelli was the author of the scheme to buttress the army with mercenaries. When this did not prove sufficient, Napoleon introduced conscription, which placed the nation's total man power at the disposal of the army. The gentle Robert E. Lee is generally credited as being the first military man who persistently contended that not only man power, but the nation's total resources, must be mobilized. The Civil War did not provide a test for his theory. Under the guidance of the brutal von Ludendorff, Germany became the first nation to undergo complete war industrialization and mobilization. War economy—*Wehrwirtschaft*, as he called it—became the major business of the nation. Industry was swallowed. Cultural patterns were enveloped. The national economy was absorbed. Personal liberties were abandoned. World War II has seen virtually every nation undergo that change. Virtually everything has been conscripted. Manhood and industry were swallowed up. The instruments of public opinion—radio, newspapers, cinema—were commandeered. Every agency was swept into the orbit of total war. It is too early to determine what this illimitable requirement of total war will cost in terms of the democratic ideal, personal initiative, creative genius, moral equilibrium, and spiritual awareness. The price, we know, will be paralyzing.

If we are to have total peace we shall have to do the same kind of thing in reverse. We must know that all areas of life are so interwoven that no single segment of man's experience alone will bring peace no matter how aggressively it is sought. The basic problem in war is economics. But economic readjustment, as helpful as that would be on the world scene, would not alone pave the

peace. Peace is harmony in human relationships—all of them. To seek peace apart from all areas of man's experience is to secure but a fractional peace which will soon fall apart.

Lincoln Steffens tells us that at one stage in the Versailles conference Clemenceau turned on Woodrow Wilson, Vittorio Orlando, and Lloyd George, and asked them bluntly whether they really meant what they said about wanting "permanent peace." They all declared they did. Then Clemenceau specified some of the sacrifices that would be involved—the surrender of imperialism, the tearing down of tariff walls, the adjustment of economic inequalities, the removal of restrictions on immigration. At this the others protested that they did not have that in mind. "Then," said Clemenceau, "you don't mean peace. You mean war."*

IV

Total peace means that peace is permanent. All of us get a bang out of the story of the Tennessee mountaineer who strolled down out of the hills to the crossroads store and heard that there was a war on. He offered to go back up in the hills and get his musket to help drive the Yankees out even though he was sure his grandfather had done it a couple of generations before.

The sad thing is that he was "sorta" right about war. It does not stop when the fighting stops, but persists in economic conflict, in racial tensions, in exclusive nationalisms. That is why what happened on November 11, 1918, was an armistice. Webster says *armistice* means a brief cessation between hostilities, to keep the arms still! Mar-

* From *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*. By permission of Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc.

shall Foch is supposed to have said in the railroad car in Compaigne Forest on that first Armistice Day: "Let the armies stand at ease. The war is postponed twenty years." The guns were stilled, but the war went on with equal intensity in the struggle for economic supremacy, the jockeying for position to secure the world's raw materials, time to breed a new generation to man the guns again, opportunity to establish respectability under which the complicated designs for world mastery would have time to congeal. Total war does not stop when the enemy shouts unconditional surrender or even when the treaties of peace are signed.

Total peace, like total war, is permanent. This time if we are really to have peace, we will have to go all-out for it. It will not do any good to enter into some sort of complicated balance-of-power system which can be toppled over with the slightest disaffection of any partner. Some think we should embark on a course of world domination in cahoots with Great Britain and Russia. There seems to be an instinctive awareness in America that such a plan offers no conceivable chance of permanent peace. Nor will any patched-up imperialism meet the need for permanent peace. We shall have to move forward in a courageous, united and permanent way to develop some sort of international organization which will exclude no nation, nor deal inadequately with any people, but in the end receive all peoples and races and nations in a genuine effort to consider international problems by international political instruments so that all share the responsibilities of each and each makes its proper contribution to the whole. And all this *permanently!* There is no short cut.

Making a Cosmos out of a Chaos

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God" (Matthew 5:9).

There is a little play on words which excellently describes what God was doing, and still is doing, in the creation process. He is making a cosmos out of a chaos. The work which he accomplished in those initial days of the creation process had to do with turning that which was without form and void into a universe of dark and light, earth and sea, trees and grass, fish and animals, men and women.

All history is but this story of how the universe emerged from chaos toward a cosmos. Whitehead speaks of "the principle of concretion," by which he means that the loose and unrelated parts of the universe are being bound together. Wieman speaks of "the process of integration" by which every part of the universe takes its proper place in the orderly scheme of things which God has planned. Any panoramic view of life reveals this emergence from chaos to order.

In some areas we have made excellent progress in establishing harmonious relationships. We have learned to till the soil, securing from its fertility abundant produce in fruit and grain. We have learned to use the elements to our benefit. The lightning and waterpower yield magnificent supplies of electrical power. We have delved into the bowels of the earth and brought forth ores, coal, and oil. We have pierced to the very core of all basic stuff in the universe and seem even now on the

eve of converting atomic energy to good purposes for men.

In many areas, however, we have not done so well in bringing order out of chaos. In many of the subtler, more intangible human relationships we have not aided the conversion from chaos to the cosmos.

I

We have not learned to live together as men and women on the face of the earth. For a long time we have been butchering the job of peacemaking. The end is not yet. Seven hundred years before the angels sang of peace on earth at Bethlehem, Numa Pompilius built a temple to Janus—the god of beginnings, for whom our month January is named—ordaining that it be kept open in time of war and closed in times of peace. Only thrice during all those seven centuries was it closed.

Then a new day dawned. A baby was born, heralded by the *Gloria in Excelsis*, to hush the hideous clash of bloodstained steel. The words of His birth announcement came as a soothing benediction to a war-sick world, “Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace.”

But somehow the message did not take—has not taken yet! Some college professor recently calculated that in the three thousand three hundred fifty-seven years between 1496 B.C. and 1861 A.D. the world had only two hundred twenty-seven years free from war. The matter could be brought more up to date by declaring that in the years since the Civil War there have been few if any years in which the drums of war have not been beaten and the nations not been led out to do battle.

We are now in the years following a great world war, the most terrible and consuming war that the world has ever known, yet everywhere men are talking about the *next*

world war. In two years after the cessation of hostilities we still have no major peace treaties and no basic disarmament agreements; we have the institution of peacetime military conscription and the infiltration into all branches of our United States government of military men who are in a position to turn the policy of the nation into war. "All paths lead to the Pentagon."

Unfortunately any voice that is lifted up against the militaristic road we are now traveling is labeled an "un-American" voice. Any attempt to cut military expenditures from an inflated national budget is termed a "threat to national security." The shibboleth of "national security" is declared to be the test word to loyal Americanism. All who urge the nation to a more universal and practicable policy are termed "radical one-worlders." We have turned the sixth beatitude inside out. Our day says, "Cursed are the peacemakers for they shall be called un-American." There is no love for the peacemaker in our land today. The peacemaker bucks the vast military machine, entrenched in the offices of government and in the national budget; he offends the patriotic organizations of many kinds which flaunt themselves as the vanguards of peace when they are in reality the fronts for war. "Cursed are the peacemakers. . . ."

II

Yet the age-long benediction of the sixth beatitude will still be the verdict of the race no matter what our day says about it. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God." There is no escaping the imposition of this mission of reconciliation by Christ upon His disciples and His church. The church will never be the church until she fully maintains the healing and

pacifying ministry. The church stands exposed before the modern world because her voice has not been the clarion call to peacemaking. Voltaire's hatred of the church had roots in this unwillingness of the church to take up Christ's ministry of reconciliation. He declared that he went through six thousand of Massillon's sermons and did not find a single word against the crime and scourge of war! "Miserable physicians" he called the ministers who could shout about benevolence, humanity, modesty, meekness, temperance, gentleness, wisdom and piety and not say one word about pacifism. Voltaire said that the church had not done its job. His sharp censure is just. It was as if the doors of the church had been closed for centuries and its message of truth shut up inside cold, dark walls. We were not so far removed from the thesis, "Preachers Present Arms," as to forget that the church has not accepted its mission as "peacemaker."

Likewise upon His disciples did Jesus impose the mission of reconciliation. No battle-ax personalities to help nations live at peace! The ideal of peacemaking is more than statecraft. It is some quality in the hearts of men and women which makes the nation great. Here the sequence of the beatitudes seems most important. The blessing upon the peacemakers follows the blessing of the pure in heart. James, with his practical twist, sees that "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable." First righteousness, then peace. Peace in our hearts, our homes, our nation, and finally in our world.

III

Blessed are the peacemakers. What are the distinguishing characteristics? How are peacemakers identified?

1. A peacemaker is a person who loves peace. The

definition lends itself to misinterpretation. I am told that there is a picture entitled *The Peacemaker*, which depicts a pair of sweethearts with whom the course of love has not run smoothly. They sit apart, their backs turned on each other. Flitting to and fro between them is a dainty little creature pleading with them to forget the silly trifle that has shattered their romance, and urging them to kiss and make up. I would not want to give credence to any concept which thinks of peacemaking as the activity of fluffy little intervening angels dispensing a "goo" which some call peace.

Nor would I want you to think of peacemaking as did Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, who said that his idea of heaven would be to sit in a garden receiving one telegram after another alternately announcing a British victory in arms on land and a British victory in arms on the sea. Between the British poet in his garden and the little fluttering bird with an olive leaf there is an attitude which, loving peace and hating war, finds practical, common-sense ways of making peace.

2. A peacemaker is a person who prevents the peace from being broken. This involves two things—the giving of no offense, and the refusal to receive offense. Peacemakers give no offense. They realize that it is in their power to do those overt acts which incite other men and lead them to strife. Some men, like Aaron Burr and Adolph Hitler, seem to have an evil genius which draws out the contentious in others, which inflames their passions, and puts them at other people's throats and others at their throats.

More than this, many of us indulge in those ways of life where desires lead to conflict. Lincoln Steffens, reporting

the Versailles conference, declared that none of the powers wanted war, but that all of the powers wanted those "things we can't have without war." The giving of offense—not open, provocative acts leading to war—but the subtle, quiet, devilishly effective devices of economic and financial pressure, the rigging of trade barriers, the exclusion of immigrants, the flashing of tawdry tourist wealth and the flaunting of arrogant personality traits have been ways by which we have given the offense which leads to war.

Our determination to be on the right side in all these matters is clearly seen in the way we fought with the other victorious powers to see that a "guilt clause" was included in the peace treaties of the last war so that history would have concrete evidence that *we* did not start it. Fortunately, history has more objective ways of determining the causes of war than the mere lines of a peace treaty signed under duress.

The peacemaker also prevents the peace from being broken by refusing to be offended. There are some people who get their feelings hurt too easily. And some nations are insulted too readily. The real peacemakers, both personal and national, are not those who go running around like a boy with a chip on his shoulder egging on someone to knock it off. We prevent the peace from being broken by giving no offense and by not being so readily offended ourselves.

3. The peacemaker mends what is broken. In an imperfect society all efforts to prevent conflict may fail. Wars will come. Their rumors will persist. Men may be at each other's throats for a long time to come. Nations may not cease their firing of canon, dropping of atomic bombs, infecting mass populations with bacteria, bombing civil-

ian populations for generations to come. Certainly the past is no guarantee that we are to have peace in the future. Not even the futility of war seems able to drive us to the common-sense conclusion to abandon strife as a means of settling conflicts between nations. Historians will continue to attack Benjamin Franklin's utterance, "There never was a good war, nor a bad peace," but common citizens in every land respond instinctively to the wisdom of his proposition. The day of peace has not yet come. The structure strains, stretches, snaps, buckles. Order is turned to confusion. Hatreds are embroiled. Off goes a silent, terrible bomb of the "basic stuff of the universe."

Fortunately, for our world there are some people and nations which have a genius for putting things together. They pour oil on troubled waters. They know how to bind up the broken elements in nation and society. This beatitude seems the special benediction upon those who make peace out of the spoils of conflict, who bring people together, who share food and clothing, who attempt to get land back into production, and plants humming with activity. This job of peacemaking is a task in harmony, the work of turning a chaos into a cosmos.

I have read somewhere about a pilgrim who heard the tap, tap, tap of a hammer and followed its noise to the shade of a tree. There he saw a carpenter in whose hands was a broken globe and around whose feet were the scattered fragments. Asked what he was doing, the carpenter replied, "My world is broken. I am restoring the pieces that are broken off." When the pilgrim left he noticed that the carpenter's hands had been pierced by nails. The Carpenter had been to Calvary.

That is our job: healing the wounds of men, fastening

the broken bits of the globe together, bridging the gaps of misunderstanding, building anew the homes and the hearts of men and women. God grant us grace, wisdom, and power not to fail in that task. Fortunately we live in times when the peacemaker is coming to his own. The scientists and the statesmen join the prophets of Christ in declaring that peacemaking is now the major business of the nations.

IV

This beatitude has a gleam of prophecy in it. Notice how it embraces the present tense and the future tense. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God." It does not say that peacemakers shall *become* sons of God. The implication is that they are such already. The world has failed to recognize them, calling them traitors, un-American, yellow, chiselers, or, as do the Scotch, trimmers. That is the present tense. The prophetic note is in future tense, "shall be called." In the end, sometime, somewhere the true character of the peacemaker, his words and his deeds, will be clearly recognized. The world will confer upon the peacemakers the worth they have always possessed—sons of God. It is not a matter of identity, but of identification. The world has long lambasted, smeared, libeled and misunderstood peacemakers. The day will come, declared Jesus, when the world will see peacemakers for what they are and call them sons of God. A striking prophecy!

Down the dark future, through long generations

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."*

* From *The Arsenal at Springfield*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

True Prosperity

Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper (Psalm 1:3).

If you are hunting a clear-cut formula for success do not pass up the First Psalm. The "where-to-find-it-in-the-Bible" lists seem to have overlooked the importance of the bluntly stated secret of success contained in the First Psalm. Within the compass of six short verses is to be found the positive formula and the negative judgment on successful living.

The way of a righteous man is contrasted with the way of a wicked man. In sharp figures of speech the end of each way is clearly pointed out. He who lives with evil intent is like the chaff. The work is blown to bits even before the worker is called to judgment. He who lives with good intent, who delights in the law of Jehovah and meditates in it day and night, shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water. His work is perpetually abundant, no leaf withering, and whatever he does prospers. One of the literal translators puts the success story more forcefully: "In whatsoever he doeth, he shall prosper."

I

At first thought, is not that promise a tremendous incentive for the good man to be good? All life is spread out before him. It is his to take from, to choose, to make his own, merely by continuing in the ways of virtue and integrity. Indeed, would not such a proposition be rather appealing to the wicked? In this struggle for existence would not all of us be good if, by being good, not only would ours be the intangible satisfaction of doing one's

duty well but also unlimited prosperity? When we consider how men are willing to go down to the gates of hell in order to achieve what the world calls prosperity this proposition seems all the more fascinating. Here it is, right in your hands, and by fair means, not foul. Be good and you will be blessed with abundant prosperity.

The psalmist declares that prosperity is not for those who run afoul of truth and right, who scheme behind closed doors, who accomplish the machinations of evil at night. The psalmist says that honesty pays, always pays, and is the only thing that pays. The way to be rich is to be good. Gone is the debated question from ethics class, "Can a man make a million dollars and be a Christian?" The success formula in Psalm One puts the proposition the other way, declaring that a man will make millions because he is a Christian. Sainthood is the passport through the world to fortune! Here is envisaged a world where everyone is happy who is rich and everyone is rich because he is good. Here we have Utopia, caught up in the form of the good, the true, and the beautiful—and all prosperity promised to that man who will be good.

II

On second thought—after we have snapped out of the dream of prosperity on the wings of goodness—one wonders if it is true. It sounds too good to be true. In fact, it is too good to be true! This dream runs into the hard stubborn facts of this matter-of-fact existence. The protest of the ages has been that the prophet, far from being without honor in his own country, has usually been without honor in all the earth. His value is discovered only after his death, which not infrequently comes at the

hands of those who later recognize his merit and erect statues to his wisdom and to their stupidity.

Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne*

It matters not whether you inquire about Jesus, or Joan of Arc, or any one of the modern saints, you will get the same story—society persecuting to the death men and women whose genius was their goodness, who, far from being enriched by the virtue which dwelt within them, were deprived of this world's goods and made to go out of this life as they had come into life, with nothing.

Come closer to our world of dash and conniving and discover how impossible is this proposition which holds prosperity as the end of goodness. Here is the gambler who comes out flush while the good man loses his shirt. It does not make the case easier to declare that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light."

Or go to politics. In our neighboring county, election scum has to do with the use of slot machines as a means of filling up the coffers of the incumbent party to make sure that it would come in first during the close race! Or track the prey to his lair and the truth is the same. One of our Brethren college presidents said recently that to get around in Washington and get anything done there are two prerequisites: (1) know how to grease palms easily and amply and (2) be able to tell a lie with a straight face.

Or, go to business. Read the confessions of a black-market butcher. No matter how callous you may be about the things with which you have tortured your alimentary tract you still cannot help wondering if your butcher, liked the alleged ninety per cent, pushed off on you a

* From *The Present Crisis*, by James Russell Lowell.

lot of good horse meat that was supposed to be beef.

We shall not bog down in little *this's* and *that's*. It is pretty obvious on the face of things—is it not?—that good men do not always prosper and that evil men sometimes do. Let us not fool ourselves. Life is not as easy as any first reading of this text would lead us to believe and so we probe further.

III

On third thought, have we read the proposition rightly? The good man shall prosper in whatsoever he doeth? When he buys bogus oil stock? When the fruit of his neighbor is nipped in the bud by the early spring frost, shall his fruit be not also destroyed? When with good intention he does some foolishly insipid thing by which his land is laid waste or his business destroyed, shall he be spared financial and personal loss, riding through the storms of life constantly increasing his store of earthly goods?

I think not. "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Should we not put the emphasis on the work, rather than the worker? The works of a good man shall prosper. The concerns for which he gives his money, the purposes into which he pours his energy, the principles for which he labors—these are the things which prosper because of a good man. The creative training of boys, the care of the unfortunate and the aged, the provision for the mentally ill, the placing of Bibles in hotel rooms, the establishment and erection of churches, the sending of missionaries to lands blighted by prejudice and ignorance, the fight for racial equality and for economic justice, the bitterly defeating struggle for a warless world, the persuading of a community that life has greater gifts than

gold, the pleading with men and women to turn from sin and error to grace and truth—these, to name just a few, are the causes which have prospered because there were good men “whose leaf did not wither.”

The man may die. All of them do! But the cause, the movement, the plan, the purpose, the dream, the ideal, the hope goes on. More than that, it is abetted, it is put forward a bit, inched on toward the goal, “prospered” because a good man lived. Moses went off to die alone on Mount Nebo. The goal for which he had given his life could be seen, though not grasped. But the Promised Land to which he had been leading his people through all these long forty years did not die when he died. Nor did the covenant which he made with God for his people. The Ten Commandments did not die. Nor did his rules for sanitation and quarantine of disease die when he died. Nor did the system of jurisprudence die when he died. Nor did the democratic ways he encouraged among the children of Israel die when he died. These, all these, tiny first faint flickerings of the hopes of the race for home, and health and sovereignty lived on and prospered because there was a good man whose life was like a tree set down by the rivers of water. The promise does not guarantee prosperity of any individual. It declares that truth shall prosper.

Cast this principle into the modern scene. Observe with me that in the struggle for a warless world that which shall prosper when a good man gives of himself to achieve the goal peace is no man's mere physical needs, but the great cause of peace. Leo Tolstoy, William Allen White, and the Elder La Follette—all of whom gave valiant, if sporadic, leadership in the cause of a warless world—did

not prosper by what they gave to the cause of peace. White declared that it was La Follette's unbudging pacifism which robbed him of the presidency. They all died, but not the hope of the world freed from the scourge of war. The ideal did not die. It prospered. In our time more than ten thousand men struggled to implant in the American mind the need for a conscience on this matter of killing—at \$2.50 a month! You would not call that prospering, would you? Henry Swartzentruber in the Mennonite camp at Grottoes, Virginia, kept a record of four years of labor for the government. He put it down at a price to tickle the fancy of any employment agent in the land—fifty cents per hour—and found that he had given in his own energy the worth of \$4,296.00 because he believed in this thing. Now, even now, more than one thousand men are in prison because they believed that it was a sin to engage in killing and because, on the more pragmatic side, they believed that the only way to stop war was to refuse to kill.

It matters not how highly you evaluate what they have done. History crowds us too fiercely to permit an accurate analysis of how much they have "prospered" the cause of a world where many live at peace. But, mark you, because they have done so, the end, which is not yet, is closer in its coming. Not often in the triumph of a great truth over an evil deeply entrenched does a good man prosper. Not infrequently he is impoverished that the work may prosper.

Notice with what gasps society struggles upward to light in this matter of justice—simple justice. The uphill fight for fair practices in society, in business, in government, has been an endless struggle. Justice Oliver Wen-

dell Holmes became known as the Great Dissenter. The designation arose not because of the number of dissenting opinions he wrote, but because very often the dissent which he had written became a law of the land when a similar issue came before the Supreme Court in later years.

His fame came slowly. The Supreme Court said that child labor could not be regulated by Congress. Holmes dissented. The Supreme Court said that the liberty of the citizen to do as he pleased meant that he could force other men to work twelve hours a day if he could get by with it. Holmes dissented. The Supreme Court declared that the strike was not a lawful instrument in the universal struggle for life. Holmes dissented. Then time and events and history took a hand. Holmes' dissents were confirmed in the higher court of the experience of the race. One by one they became the law of the land. Child labor can be regulated. No citizen may force another to work twelve hours a day. The strike is a lawful instrument in the universal struggle for life. He had given himself to those causes which were bound to triumph. This text has no word about the material prosperity of an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but it has everything to say about what will ultimately happen to truth when a good man gives it his time and energy and money and love.

William Allen White looked back across all his eventful years with the keen eye of a newsman, to see the Bull Moose convention of 1912 as the most dramatic occasion in his lifetime. But that convention, its platform, its candidate, for all the religious zeal and heart surgings of its proponents, went down into defeat.

"And now they are dust," he wrote, "and all the visions they saw that day have dissolved. Their hopes, like shifting clouds, have blown away before the winds of circumstance. And I wonder if it did matter much. Or is there somewhere, in the stuff that holds humanity together, some force, some conservation of spiritual energy, that saves the core of every noble hope, and gathers all men's visions some day, some way, into the reality of progress?"

"I do not know. But I have seen the world move, under some, maybe mystic, influence, far enough to have the right to ask that question."*

White should have known, for in this picturesque First Psalm, there is the account of the relationship of man to the progress of truth. Some men come to life, take hold of it with foul hearts and unwashed hands and it withers. Others come to life with pure hearts and clean hands and the tree of life—"the stuff that holds humanity together"—leafs out from its noble core and prospers in the triumph of truth.

* From *The Autobiography of William Allen White*. By permission of the Macmillan Co.

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